The Bishop's Challenge *by Paul Y. Anderson*

The Nation

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Uncle Sam Goes into Business

by Major General T. Q. Ashburn

India Confronts Britain

by Richard B. Gregg

Britain's Vanishing Farmer

by J. A. Hobson

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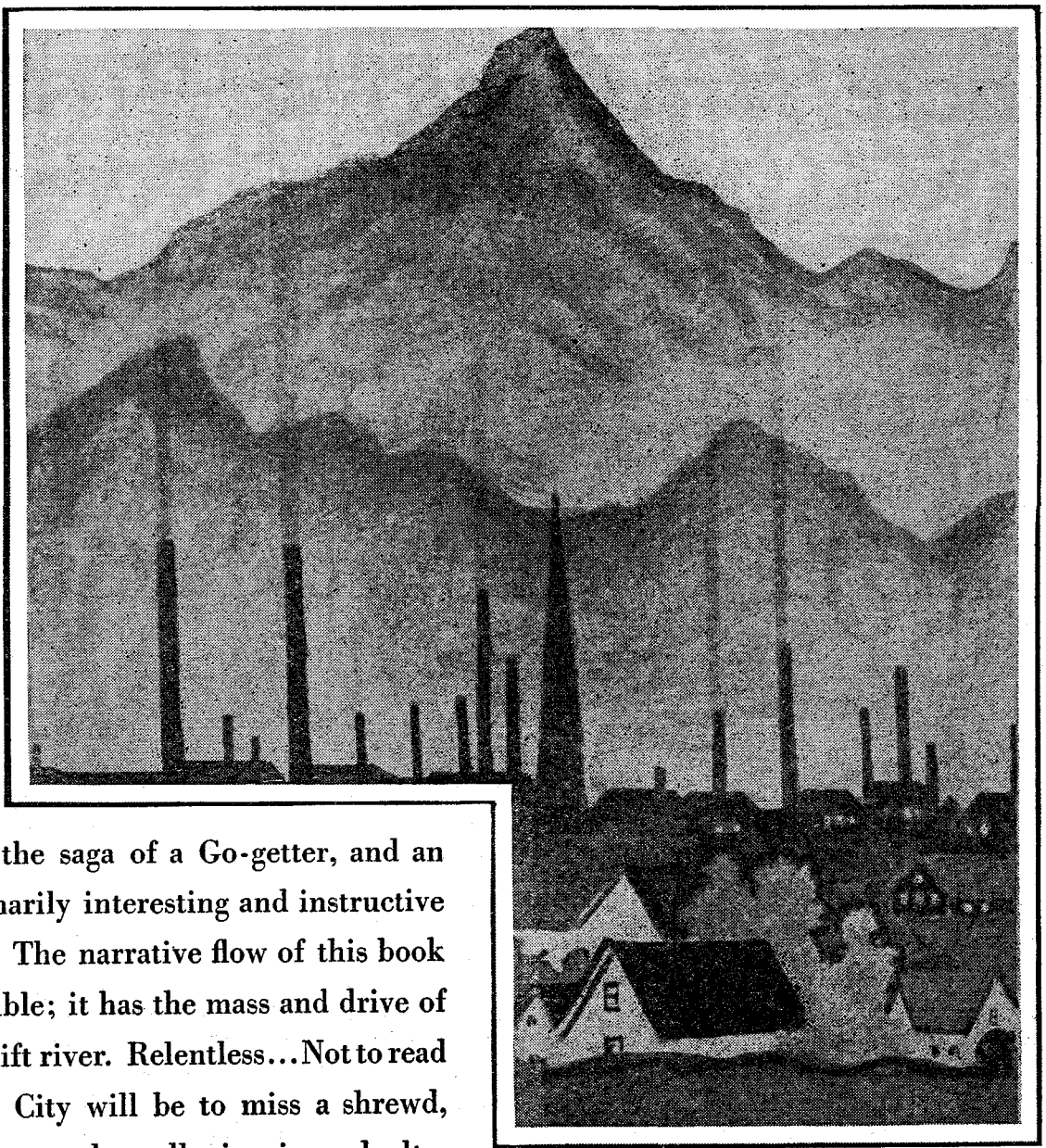
MOUNTAIN CITY

BY

UPTON SINCLAIR



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THE FIRST VOLUME of the Simon report is out at last and appears to be heralded by all sections of the British daily press as epoch-making. It does not contain the promised definite proposals, which are to be published in the second volume two weeks hence, but it does declare that "progressive realization of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the Empire" should be the goal of British policy. This is interpreted to mean dominion status—but only after a long period of evolution and further tutelage. Ancient social and economic customs are correctly blamed for most of India's ills. The report is thoroughly temperate and friendly in spirit, but the question whether India will longer accept government by England is another matter. Certainly there will be no adequate representation of India at the proposed Round Table Conference in October unless the promise of dominion status is clear, unequivocal, and convincing, and fixed for an early date.

STARTLING, INDEED, IS THE NEWS that comes from Bombay that the native medical profession there has declared a boycott against all British medicine. These doctors are very largely graduates of British universities. In general assembly by unanimous vote they have decided to use hereafter only non-British drugs. The significance of this action lies in the fact that it is a protest by this learned profession against the "violations of the laws of humanity committed by government authorities in different parts of India against non-violent Indian men, women, and children during the present non-violent struggle for national liberation." More than that, the profession has appealed to the Swiss Federal Council to appoint a commission of inquiry into these violations of the laws of humanity and has called the attention of the Red Cross societies throughout the world to the "atrocities perpetrated by the government." This is confirmation of the charges of horrible cruelty reported from Indian sources which we have been reluctant to believe and to report. We do not see how Mr. MacDonald and his Government can now fail to make immediate answer to the world. Meanwhile, England has a full-fledged frontier war with the Afridis on her hands despite her persistent bombing of some of their refuges—in the name, we presume, of Christianity and the brotherhood of labor. Last week the Afridis raided up to the very walls of Peshawar under a huge fort manned by strong British forces.

PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA is home again, with the prospect of having things pretty much his own way until he suffers another outbreak of temperament. The dear lad has had rather an uncomfortable time of it for the past four years and more, wandering about with his uncanonical lady-love and scheming to get back the crown which Rumanian politics forced him to renounce in January, 1926. Now, however, all is lovely. Carol has "unexpectedly" plumped down on Rumanian soil in an airplane, Parliament has restored him to the throne with only one dissenting vote, and the delighted populace is shouting and weeping for joy. Little King Michael, of course, is set back a peg in becoming crown prince, but he will probably be glad that he does not have to dress up for royal functions quite so often or so much. Even Carol's divorce, which has been a stumbling-block to some Rumanian Christians, is likely, it is said, to be annulled and the family bond may be restored. Queen Marie, for once, is badly flustered, but she is expected to pull through—she usually knows how. We are all for self-determination when it comes to kings, and if Rumania is satisfied with Carol everybody else ought to be.

DESPITE THE DIPLOMATIC ATTITUDE of Premier Tardieu and the reasonable self-control of the French press, it cannot be said that the relations between France and Italy are in anything like a happy condition. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the Paris correspondents look for the failure of any further fleet negotiations between Italy and France. It is all very well to say that one must not take Mussolini seriously, but his rattling of the saber remains precisely as menacing to the peace of Europe as were the similar speeches of Kaiser Wilhelm in ante-bellum days. In one sense Mussolini is more dangerous, for dictators invariably turn to foreign complications when things begin to go badly at home, and there appears to be plenty of evidence that the Fascist finances and industry are in anything but satisfactory condition. As for Mussolini

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himself, he has recently been interviewed after eight years by Theodor Wolff, the distinguished editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Herr Wolff reports him in the pink of health, showing no strain whatever from the heavy burdens that he carries, and ready to talk quite freely about the relations of his country with Germany. To Herr Wolff Mussolini gave the assurance that Italy would stand with Germany on two questions—the desired colonial mandates and universal disarmament! Indeed, in his general political remarks Herr Wolff found nothing aggressive, but on the other hand thoughtful and sober expressions of opinion. This reminds us of the way the Kaiser's private conversations were similarly praised until it was suddenly discovered that he was really bent on conquering the entire world in the interest of the devil.

IF CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ENEMIES had any points of agreement except their common dislike of the Chinese President, that gentleman would long ago have started on what Chinese generals call a "study tour" of Western countries. But the enemies consist in part of old-fashioned rival generals, and in part of those curious bands which the correspondents call "Communist armies," and the two cannot possibly get on together. Not even one rival general with another, or one "Communist army" with another. Everywhere in China today there are roving bands of unemployed soldiers, many of them once loyal and convinced soldiers in the early Nationalist armies, where education in revolutionary nationalism went hand in hand with training in shooting. Such men, united in little armies, would five years ago have been called "bandits"—and, in a way, they are. They live off the land, but they live as Robin Hoods, pillaging, by preference, the rich. Convinced Communists have gone among them, preaching a hatred of landlords and encouraging the peasants to throw off the feudal yoke. In South China such armies appear to be acquiring an increasing measure of organization. But it is difficult to believe that the movement has the solid basis in either peasant or industrial-worker organization which any really significant economic revolution must have, and a Communist movement can hardly be seriously Communist so long as it accepts the leadership of generals. Yet this will bear watching.

IT IS A MAD WORLD, indeed, with our master, Secretary Mellon, reported shaking his head over the tariff bill and wondering whether he can approve it, and rumor declaring that both Senators from Pennsylvania are in doubt as to whether to vote for it. A tariff bill beaten by the votes of "Joe" Grundy and David Reed—both acting from diametrically opposite points of view—would be a sight to make the gods shake their sides. Grundy, of course, would denounce it because it is not drastic enough. Reed will do what Mr. Mellon tells him; Mr. Mellon, it appears, has not definitely made up his mind. Like Mr. Reed he will "study the measure" in complete philosophic detachment. He must "compare the rates"—several thousand of them—before, Solomon-like, he judges. Meanwhile, the Democrats are trying to decide whether or not they want the bill defeated by the Republicans or passed by just enough Democrats to give these conscienceless hypocrites the chance to go before the country next fall deploring this betrayal of the American people. The final vote is, as we write, scheduled for the day after publication of this issue of *The Nation*. The next one, Friday, June 13, strikes us as the right and proper one to be a day of sadness and wrath-to-come for the American people.

SAINTLY BISHOP CANNON! The unfortunate man, according to his own statement, "fell into the hands of a bunch of sharpers" when all that he wanted was to do a little honest speculating with the material rewards of his righteousness. Confronted with these facts, the Episcopacy Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church South voted by fifty-four to eleven "that the character of Bishop Cannon be passed." Unhappily the committee does not tell us what its passing mark is. And now the godly man has flatly refused to tell the Senate Lobby Committee anything about the distribution of $48,300 given him to help defeat Al Smith in Virginia, and has walked out of the committee room in defiance. We leave aside all question of his technical rights and all question, too, of the unenviable position of the committee if the recusant Bishop is allowed to get away with it. We ask simply, how long will a great American religious body rest content with spiritual leadership of this character?

TO THE RESCUE of the good name of the State of Ohio has come the District Appellate Court of St. Clairsville, Ohio, which reversed on May 25 the convictions of the three Communists who were sentenced to five years in jail and fines of $5,000. The court found that the convictions were against the weight of evidence and that the Communist literature distributed at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, last August was "intemperate, improbable, vague, and absurd," but that it did not incite to any overt act; no charge was made that the Communists had uttered a single word. Meanwhile a Communist organizer in Newark has been convicted of "sedition" under the Sedition Act of 1918 passed at the height of war-time hysteria, the sedition being speeches urging the organization of white and colored workers against unemployment. Eight others under indictment merely attended the meeting. In Pennsylvania a Communist boy of twenty-three has been sentenced to prison and fined $5,000 for sedition. In Georgia the situation is still worse. Two white women and two Negro men have been held for the Atlanta grand jury without bail on charges of "insurrection" and "attempting to incite insurrection." They are labor-union organizers and, like two Communists soon to be tried, they face the *death penalty* if convicted under the archaic statute involved. All this in the home of the free—not in the land of the Czar of 1890.

ANOTHER ENLIGHTENED DECISION of the United States Supreme Court has relieved the railways of a menace that has been hanging over them since 1925. The Hoch-Smith resolution, passed when Congress, in its zeal to do something for the farmers, was elaborating the McNary-Haugen bill which President Coolidge vetoed, directed the Interstate Commerce Commission, "in view of the existing depression in agriculture," to make such changes in freight rates as would promote the movement of agricultural products "at the lowest possible lawful rates compatible with the maintenance of adequate transportation service." Accordingly, the commission ordered a reduction of rates on California fruits destined for points east of

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the Mississippi River, and the order, against which the Ann Arbor Railroad appealed, was upheld by the Northern California District Court. The order has now been swept aside by the Supreme Court in an opinion written by Associate Justice Van Devanter and concurred in without dissent. The decision reminds the commission that the primary law regarding railway rates is the Interstate Commerce Act, and that it is not within the power of the commission to go counter to that act by establishing discriminatory rates, especially since most of the roads affected by the order in question have not yet earned the fair return on their property which the act designates as one of the means of insuring the maintenance of an adequate system of transportation.

THE DEFEAT OF SENATOR SIMMONS of North Carolina in the Democratic primaries leaves the political situation in the State decidedly mixed. In 1928 Senator Simmons bolted the nomination of Governor Smith and gave his support to Mr. Hoover. Some 80,000 voters, it is thought, followed his lead in the election, and North Carolina went Republican. For his breach of party regularity Senator Simmons was denounced by Josiah W. Bailey, a Tarheel Baptist who had been one of Simmons's most faithful supporters, and Bailey has now carried off the Senatorial nomination with a majority of more than 60,000. His success ends Senator Simmons's long political career, but the prospect of a return to power of the Old Guard Democrats, steeped in regularity and invincibly opposed to anybody and anything that lacks the party label, is far from agreeable. For one thing, party regularity in the South means insistence upon white supremacy. The evident care that was taken by the Bailey forces to avoid attacking Senator Simmons personally or raising the anti-Catholic issue seems to indicate a purpose to draw to Mr. Bailey's support in the election those who voted for Senator Simmons in the primaries—another way of keeping regularity to the fore.

MASSACHUSETTS, home of the Watch and Ward Society, sticks to its guns. Its Supreme Court has upheld the $300 fine imposed on Donald S. Friede for selling to Lieutenant Hines of the Boston police a copy of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." At the same time it upheld the thirty-day jail sentence and the $500 fine imposed on James A. Delacey, of the Dunster Book Shop in Cambridge, for the sale of a copy of D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" to an agent of the Watch and Ward Society who had induced him to send for it. Later the prison sentence was remitted, but the verdict stands, though Delacey had contended that he had been unfairly entrapped, and both the prosecuting attorney and the judge had condemned the provocative methods by which the Watch and Ward Society procured its evidence. These methods call to mind the famous wire-tapping case of two years ago, in which the government obtained the necessary evidence for conviction by tapping telephone wires, though this was against the law of the State where it was done. The United States Supreme Court upheld the conviction thus obtained, but Justice Brandeis, in dissenting, observed that "to prove its case the government was obliged to lay bare the crimes committed by its officers on its behalf. A federal court should not permit such a prosecution to continue." For Friede and Delacey there was no dissenting voice.

HOUSING IN NEW YORK CITY, especially low-priced dwellings for persons of moderate means, should make progress if the plans of the Housing Association of which former Governor Smith is the head are carried through. The association proposes not only to cooperate with individuals or other organizations in dealing with the whole question of housing and regional planning, but also to extend financial aid to well-devised, low-cost housing enterprises either for new construction or for the improvement of existing structures. The need for such concerted effort is lamentably great. Notwithstanding the enormous expenditures for new subways, bridges, wider streets, and costly skyscrapers, "thousands of families," as Governor Smith pointed out, "are still living in old-law tenements declared unfit for occupation forty years ago, and bringing up children in them." Comparatively nothing has been done to keep the population of the city "properly housed at costs which meet low incomes and within reasonable distance of work." There is a State housing law establishing a State Housing Board, but only a "very inconsiderable amount of new housing has been built." The difficulty, of course, is largely financial. The acquisition of land is only the first step; there must be also a willingness to build and an opportunity to obtain money at low rates. If the Housing Association can find the money on really sound economic terms and at the same time stir up a building spirit, there is no limit to its usefulness.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE has no monopoly of business efficiency. We publish in this issue an article by Major General T. Q. Ashburn describing the organization and work of the Inland Waterways Corporation, created by the federal government to handle the barge fleet on the Mississippi and Warrior Rivers, and thus help control freight rates. There is far too much of loose assumption that all private business is efficient, and all public business inefficient. General Ashburn describes with particularity how this government corporation has been organized to do business economically, and he indicates concretely the success with which it operates. To those who want to study a specific example of high-grade organization and operation of a public enterprise in the field of transportation we commend a careful reading of this interesting and highly important article.

THE UNTIMELY DEATH of William Bolitho removed one of the most interesting of contemporary journalists. He was versatile, informed, and cultured. Perhaps the most striking of his virtues was an extraordinary liveliness which seemed to spring from a passionate interest in life and an unfailing sense of the dramatic. Mr. Bolitho, whose real name was William Bolitho Ryall, was born in Cape Town and rose from poverty in a most dramatic fashion. He had been in bad health ever since he was injured in the Great War—which made his gay spirit and his literary achievements the more remarkable. Americans knew him best for his regular contributions to the New York *World* and for his two recent books "Murder for Profit" and "Twelve Against the Gods," but he was extremely prolific and his disappearance will leave journalism very distinctly the poorer. No one could comment upon passing events in a fashion more sprightly than his.

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The Hoover Happiness Boys

NOTHING is more admirable than courage and cheer in the face of difficulties. The American people have been treated to a truly notable display of these qualities in the months since the stock-market smash. On October 26 President Hoover stated: "The fundamental business of the country, that is, the production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis." On November 24 friend Julius Barnes pointed out: "The factors of previous depressions are absent." Therefore, he sent to 200 business leaders the cheering word: "The problem now is fortunately not one of starting a stalled engine, but of facilitating the present momentum on which employment and earnings and buying power have risen to high levels." On the same day Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, in a radio speech dispelled public misapprehension by pointing out that the White House conferences had not been for the purpose of alleviating any let-down in business because there had been no let-down of any consequence.

At the turn of the year, on December 31, Secretary Mellon profoundly stated:

> I see nothing in the present situation that is either menacing or warrants pessimism. . . . During the winter months there may be some slackness or unemployment, but hardly more than at this season each year. I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring and that during the coming year the country will make steady progress.

On the same day the Secretary of Commerce declared:

> It is impossible to forecast what temporary ups and downs may occur, but the nature of the economic disposition of the United States is such that one may confidently predict for the long run a continuance of prosperity and progress.

Happy disposition, that! On the first day of 1930 Francis I. Jones, director of the Employment Service of the Department of Labor, gave the country a New Year's message:

> Confidence, the fulcrum of business, was considerably shaken, but the vigor and strength of the nation are evidencing themselves, and after a careful survey of the business outlook we enter the new year with optimistic spirit and high hopes, and predict that 1930 will measure in volume of business with the preceding year.

Bless that fulcrum and its careful survey of our optimistic spirit! What a volume of vigor and strength the Unemployment Service has! We thank Mr. Jones.

His optimism was soon justified. Only twenty days later President Hoover, in a statement that has become historic, announced after the Cabinet meeting that the Department of Labor had informed him that for the first time since the stock-market crash the employment trend had assumed a favorable aspect. In another week he was able to assure us that "the increase of employment is current in practically every industry," and on February 10 Secretary Lamont stated that "industrial production and distribution have reached an approximately normal level for this time of year." The Employment Service on the same day predicted that "within the next sixty or ninety days the country will be on a normal employment basis." Not perfect teamwork, to be sure, but still not bad, coming from another department of the government and a busy one at that.

Lest the public officials weary in well-doing, pinch-hitter Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference, came to bat on February 18. After surveying encouraging reports from all sections of the country, which he said indicated that the shock of the stock-market slump had been absorbed in three months, he declared that the danger of a long depression appeared fairly over, "with every evidence of early renewal of the normal onward march of living standards and business prospects." Unfortunately Secretary Davis on March 3 suffered a fit of temporary depression. "I admit," said he, "that there is distressing unemployment"; but his usual cheery optimism quickly reasserted itself and he added that the Administration by its policies had "held unemployment to less than one-half that of previous crashes," and that as a result "work is being provided in a way that should relieve most of this within the very near future."

Under these circumstances the President naturally took the people into his confidence. On March 5 "it was revealed at the White House" that "President Hoover is hopeful that the unemployment situation will be greatly remedied in the next sixty days." He "believes that the machinery already set in motion will bring the desired relief." Again confidence was well justified, for it was only two days later that he was able to announce that unemployment "amounting to distress" was limited to twelve States and that all evidence indicated that the worst results of the crash would be over in sixty days. Another month, and once again Mr. Barnes saw "a trend to recovery"; business recession, happily, had been only "a temporary interlude" in national progress.

And now clear the decks again for the President in a brand-new month. Speaking before the United States Chamber of Commerce on May 1 he said in happy vein:

> While the crash took place only six months ago, I am convinced that we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover. There is one certainty in the future of a people of the resources, intelligence, and character of the people of the United States—that is, prosperity.

Bearing this in mind, we do not find it strange that on May 19 Secretary Lamont was able to point out that if present tendencies continued, "normal conditions should be restored in two or three months." Just ten days later Assistant Secretary Klein injected a note of wise caution by pointing out that no instantaneous revival could be expected in a short time, but that a healthy revival of business may be expected by the end of the summer.

We are more than grateful for all these reassurances. There have been dark hours when we thought that business men and workers were in real difficulties, and even that we were in the midst of a world-wide economic depression. But no more! Like the apostle when the brethren met him at the Three Taverns we thank God and take courage.

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A Jugoslav Trial

WHEN King Alexander proclaimed an absolute royal dictatorship in Jugoslavia on January 6, 1929, he did so with high-sounding words. Parliamentary government, he declared, was his ideal, but it had been so abused by blind party passions that he felt it his duty to withdraw parliamentary government for a time. A "truly democratic" regime was promised when the task of unification and reorganization was ended. No one could deny that both were needed. The struggle between Serbs and Croats, the most serious obstacle to peace, had reached a crisis seven months before when Stefan and Paul Raditch (Stefan, the head of the Croat Peasant Party) had been fatally shot within the walls of the Belgrade Parliament, and that event had not served to decrease the bitterness of the struggle. The dictatorship was received complacently both in and out of Jugoslavia. Even the Croats at first were pleased, for King Alexander was popular in Zagreb. They were only mildly disturbed by the fact that the Cabinet included but four Croats as against nine Serbs, and that none of the Croats were of the Peasant Party. It was freely predicted that the dictatorship would end and a new constitution be granted within six months.

That was a year and a half ago. Since then the dictatorship has become notorious for its absolute and brutal suppression of all forms of liberty. Zagreb not only hates Belgrade. It hates King Alexander. Red-hunting has become the national pastime; hundreds of political prisoners, charged with communism, are rotting in Jugoslav jails, where unspeakable torture produces a prolific crop of "confessions"; and Croatians seem to have been the special objects of persecution.

There could be no more sorry commentary on the state of life and liberty in Jugoslavia than the accounts of a trial now in progress in Belgrade. Dr. Vladimir Matchek, whom Stefan Raditch designated to succeed him as leader of the Croat Peasant Party, is the most important of the twenty-four Croats who are being tried for treason before a special court for the defense of the state, a court created by Alexander from which there is no appeal. Dr. Matchek is charged with financing certain terrorist activities against the dictatorship—the amount named is about $270!—and with publishing an anti-Serb article in a Croatian newspaper. The first charge is based on "confessions" made by several of the other prisoners. All these confessions, except one, have been repudiated on the ground that they were obtained by means of torture. The trial has consisted largely of descriptions of this torture too detailed and specific to be entirely discounted. Moreover, the chief physician of the police in Zagreb, where the arrests were made, testified, on being released from official secrecy, that he had found the bare soles of one of the prisoners covered with blood, the injuries obviously having been caused by the bastinado. As for the one prisoner who reiterated his confession incriminating Dr. Matchek, it was brought out by the defense that during the last weeks of his imprisonment he alone of all the prisoners had been given special treatment on account of his health and had received several hundred dinars with which to buy clean linen, as well as fifty dinars daily for extra food. It is hardly surprising that this man should have stuck to his story!

Undoubtedly, most of the prisoners are guilty of what appear to have been amateur and not very dangerous demonstrations against the dictatorship, but there seems to be no reliable evidence that Dr. Matchek was involved. He has denied all charges against him. As far as he is concerned, the whole affair has the unsavory air of a frame-up and a clumsy one at that. There is the rumor that Dr. Matchek was offered his freedom if he would declare allegiance to the present regime, but this is now denied. There is the fact that Dr. Matchek's leading counsel was arrested on a minor charge shortly before the trial began. The 163 barristers who offered to defend him were barred by the court. He was finally represented by M. Trumbitch, formerly Foreign Minister of Jugoslavia.

Although all the testimony is in, the verdict has not yet been announced. The conduct of the presiding judge during the trial does not augur well for Dr. Matchek's acquittal but public opinion may prove effective. Western Europe has been awaiting the verdict with obvious sympathy for Dr. Matchek, with obvious belief that the trial is a tragic farce. And King Alexander, who cannot escape responsibility for the affair, must surely remember that unconstitutional government cost three of his predecessors their thrones and one of them his life.

The Cup Races

LOVERS of yacht-racing have before them the most interesting summer in the history of the sport, because Sir Thomas Lipton has issued his fifth challenge for the America's Cup and because there are no less than four new contestants for the honor of defending that historic trophy. More than that, the conditions of the race have been so completely altered as to make the contest more nearly equal and just to the challenger than ever before. That is something to be proud of, this fact that American sportsmanship has voluntarily ended conditions and requirements which seemed to make success for the challenger altogether impossible. A new generation of our yachtsmen has evidently far higher racing ideals.

Thus, the custodians of the trophy have agreed that the race shall be sailed over a course beginning nine miles southeast of the Brenton's Reef lightship near Newport instead of over the old Sandy Hook course which not only gave an advantage to those locally expert, but usually afforded only light winds in early September. The new course is a genuine offshore racing one, certain to be much fairer to both boats and likely to produce wind enough. Again, the challenger has hitherto had to be a stouter boat than the defender because it must cross the Atlantic, and supposedly under its own canvas, though actually at times towed. That again gave an unfair advantage to the American boat, and it has now been done away with by new racing rules which compel an equally heavy defender and thus insure not flimsy, freakish racers, but genuine seagoing boats capable of sailing the seas after the race and not having to refuse ignobly to sail if the wind should be as much as twenty-five miles an hour, as has happened more than once. In other words, the contest is between boats and not mere racing machines. When one

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considers the evil effects upon small-boat designing of the extreme fin-and-bulb keels of the racers from 1892 on, the change is of the utmost importance.

The four competing American yachts are the Weetamoe, designed by Clinton H. Crane and owned by a syndicate headed by George Nichols and Junius S. Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club; the Yankee, designed by Frank C. Paine and owned by a Boston syndicate headed by Mr. Paine, Chandler Hovey, and John S. Lawrence; the Whirlwind, designed by L. Francis Herreshoff, the syndicate owners of this boat being headed by Paul Hammond, winner of the ocean race to Spain last year, and Landon K. Thorne; and the Enterprise, designed by W. Starling Burgess and owned by a syndicate headed by Winthrop W. Aldrich and Harold S. Vanderbilt. There are thus pitted against each other four of the leading American designers, all experienced in yacht-racing and thoroughly familiar with the requirements of the contest. It is especially interesting that Mr. Burgess is the elder son of Edward Burgess, who designed the Puritan, Mayflower, and Volunteer, all of them successful defenders of the cup, while Mr. Herreshoff is the fifth son of N. G. Herreshoff, the most famous of American yacht-builders.

All four of the competing craft embody the latest design, carrying between 7,550 and 7,583 square feet of canvas as against the 7,540 square feet of the challenger, Shamrock V. From mast-heel to truck the height of the mast runs from 162 to 168 feet—enormous spars for such hulls. The waterline lengths range from 80 to 86 feet, and the overall length from the 120 feet and 9 inches of the Enterprise to the 130 feet of the Whirlwind. The new rules have in fact produced boats almost identical in nearly all important features, the Shamrock displacing 134 long tons as against the Whirlwind's 158 and the Enterprise's 128. It is interesting to note that the centerboard, which has played such a part in American yacht-racing, is entirely missing in Mr. Herreshoff's Whirlwind. Weetamoe and Enterprise carry only the small centerboard familiar in the racers of 1920, while Yankee has a small auxiliary centerboard of bronze at the after end of the keel. Finally, the masts are all hollow spars; that of the Yankee is a rectangular section, practically a long hollow tube with corner pieces joining the four sides.

The four cup defenders are already afloat and are busily tuning up; they have three months before them before the first cup race, which is to be sailed on September 13. Their own first race was scheduled for June 11; in it were also the Resolute and Vanitie, former cup contenders. The interesting and sportsmanlike suggestion has been made that if the challenger should get over here earlier than usual one or more of the defenders might be placed at her service for tuning up in actual racing, the lack of which has also been one of the great handicaps of the challenger. In any event, the conditions this year are entirely favorable to a genuine test, one which will leave behind no feeling of discrimination. That the contest will have its effect upon the sport as a whole is beyond question. Yachting has grown at a tremendous rate since the war, and the development of power craft has not hurt, but apparently helped, sailboat-racing. At least, last year's season was the best ever known. Whether bad business conditions will cut down the number of boats this year remains to be seen.

Hammock Reading

THE automobile has been held guilty of most of the ills of modern life, from polluting the countryside with carbon monoxide and gaudy filling stations to corrupting the morals of youth and killing 30,000 persons a year; but at least it may be said to its credit that it seems in some indirect manner to have rid us of the hammock. It is hard to discover the old knitted hammock nowadays except perhaps in the most remote outposts of civilization, and that is an excellent sign. The hammock was probably responsible for more bad novels than any other single contrivance. Until a few years ago no romance could be fluffy enough for reviewers to condemn it roundly. There was always a qualifying sentence somewhere admitting that it might make good enough reading for a hammock. The hammock, of course, was merely an excuse for bad taste, and as such was on a par with the plea of great statesmen and executives that they read cheap detective stories because their tired minds needed a rest. If their minds were really tired, one naturally wanted to know, why didn't they try taking a nap?

There is no reason, in common candor, why a person who naturally enjoys good reading in the winter shouldn't enjoy equally good reading in the summer. There are days, of course, when the weather is hot enough to make one mentally languid, but such days are after all comparatively few. Among the large group who give their poor tired minds three months' vacation there seem to be few persons willing to give up during the same period their golf or tennis, although there is no case on record of a man dying from sunstroke or heart disease from reading even Hegel.

There is no sound reason, in short, why just as many solid and important books should not be read in July and August as in any other two months in the year. Indeed, one would expect more of them to be read in the summer months if only because the vacation period allows more leisure for reading. Here the publishers, perhaps, are hardly less to blame than the reading public, for it has long been a superstition in the publishing business that any books of real weight and lasting value must appear either in the early spring or the late fall.

Now there are healthy signs of a change. At least the hammock has been abolished, and hammock reading should logically go with it. The much-abused book clubs do not suspend business during the summer months; last year, in July and August, they chose such volumes as "The Wave," by Evelyn Scott, and "They Stooped to Folly," by Ellen Glasgow, which did much to raise the summer average. The public at that time, too, was avidly buying "All Quiet." Things do change. There was a time, not so long ago, when even producers of musical shows thought it a risk to try continuing through the summer, but in recent years plays like "What Price Glory?" "Porgy," "Strange Interlude," "Volpone," "Street Scene," and "Journey's End" have broken the old habits, and we enter the present summer with "The Green Pastures," "The Last Mile," "Strictly Dishonorable," and Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya" still running, and even a revival of Aristophanes. If the quality of summer plays can so improve within a few years, what may not be hoped for in the quality of summer books?

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHAT are we to do about the books that children read? I do not altogether trust the judgment of librarians who arrange lists of things they think are good for little ones. Still less am I certain that grown-up judgment is eminently right as to the things that children like. I want to hear from the unpolled masses of the immature. Many fallacies have been perpetuated for generations. For instance, there is some reason to doubt the popularity of "Alice in Wonderland" among boys and girls. I am not attacking this work of sheer genius, but it is a book aimed above the heads of the readers usually assigned to it. Distinctly this is an adult book. You have the privilege of checking me up and furnishing such correction as comes out of your own experience, but all the really rabid "Alice" enthusiasts I ever met were well beyond twenty-five.

The idea will not down that children adore fairy stories and other chronicles of fantasy. That can quite reasonably be doubted. Of the popularity of the Dr. Dolittle books I can raise no question, but these seem to me to be written in a far more straightforward way than is customary in most yarns of the outlandish. I think that the average child is not richly endowed with imagination. The growth of this faculty is one of the steps which mark the departure from adolescence. Fables and parables lie mostly beyond a youngster's comprehension. Other readers are able to compel editors to hand out what their particular section of the public wants. Children must pretty much take what is handed to them. Their capacity for protest is distinctly limited. I am inclined to believe that if there were ever such a thing as the Amalgamated Union of Tiny Tots the whole tenor of juvenilia would be changed.

The sort of reading which is deplored by most associations of mothers is precisely the variety which children crave. I'm for the rights of small people. The most important thing with which a youngster should be imbued at an early age is the notion that reading is good fun. Better by far, I believe, that a child should turn to trash which he enjoys than be forced to worthy books which he hates. I was told at ten that I must not read the nickel novels dealing with the adventures of Frank Merriwell and his brother Dick. Such preoccupation, they informed me, would ruin a possible taste for good literature in later life. Fortunately, I paid scant heed to these injunctions and continued to peruse the lively chronicles which I liked. And now, at forty, I realize that many tales have been fashioned more sprightly than "Frank Merriwell, the Young High Jumper at Yale." And yet I am prepared to acknowledge my debt to Burt L. Standish for that series. It was he rather than Walter Scott who first taught me the fact that a book could be absorbing.

Many of the books eagerly placed in the hands of the young and impressionable by generous aunts and uncles are much too sadistic. In this class I place very many of the traditional fairy tales. Even such a familiar story as Red Riding Hood has done its share in bringing night terrors to little boys and girls. To be sure, there is a postscript to the tale in which the wolf when killed disgorges the living grandmother of Miss Hood. But a child has every right to assume that it was a most distressing experience for the old lady. The child makes identification with characters in a story very readily, and naturally a little girl shakes with fear during the encounter between Red Riding Hood and the beast concealed in proper night dress.

My contention goes no farther than the claim that it is not well to frighten young people too much, and there is ample material in approved books to convey to them many horrors. For almost forty years I've carried with me a nightmare about a barrel filled with boiling pitch into which an old lady was nailed by means of long and lacerating spikes. This was no Love Fiend's Crime from any tabloid. We didn't have tabloids when I was a boy. It was merely an incident in a tale by the Brothers Grimm. And who would hesitate to choose Grimms' "Fairy Tales" as a very proper book for any nephew's birthday? I would for one, but the revolt is not yet general. Of course, the old lady who met such cruel and unusual punishment was a wicked old witch, but I should not care to have a son of mine grow up serene in the conviction that any sort of torment is suitable for the transgressor. In maturity he may quite likely find, as I have done, that some of his best friends are transgressors.

And where does Hans Christian Andersen get off to be the kindly patron of the little lover of good reading? Against the high gifts of Andersen I raise no objection whatsoever, but this melancholy prose poet is by no means always suitable for children. He is as gloomy as Ibsen.

Well do I remember what he did to ruin an entire Christmas as far as I was concerned. It was my ninth Christmas, the year I had the measles. To my sick bed where I lay, ill-satisfied with life, yet fearing dissolution, there came a kindly aunt bearing the fairy stories of Hans Christian Andersen. Eagerly I picked up the book and surveyed the interesting pictures. And then, as was my wont, I plunged into the middle of the book and struck a story about a little match girl. She had ventured forth into a blizzard to ply her trade in a period of depression. It was, as I remember, Christmas Eve upon which the poor child got her taste of what we know as Hoover prosperity. There were none to buy her matches. She grew colder and colder and finally froze to death most realistically. That tale surely did nothing to promote the spirit of a merry Yuletide.

The same mothers who blithely place the most savage fairy stories in the hands of their youngsters raise strenuous objection to having their children look at the comic strips in the daily or Sunday newspapers. I don't understand why. I am aware of the fact that many of the best-known comic series are built upon personal encounters in which the chief characters behave to each other with consummate cruelty. "Zowie!" indicating the impact of a heavy object upon a human skull, and "blug! blug! blug!" meaning that an individual has been dropped from a high place into deep water, are common enough. But at least the comic-strip characters do serve to illustrate to the adolescent mind human stamina and the indestructibility of matter.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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India Confronts Britain

By RICHARD B. GREGG

DESPITE the government censorship in India, the news that leaks through the cables, together with British journalistic comments, makes a very interesting picture to one who is familiar with the forces at work. The arrest of Gandhi has not weakened but strengthened the power of the Indian Congress movement. That was natural, for not till he was imprisoned did the full force of his example and ideas begin to tell upon the hearts and minds of Indians.

More and more of the Indian liberals and moderates have openly deserted the government, and many others are wavering. In addition to the earlier resignations of Pandit Malaviya, Mr. Birla, and others, Pandit Kunzru, a prominent liberal, has recently resigned from the National Assembly. Two members of the Viceroy's Council of State, Dewah Bahadur Ramchandra Iyer of Madras and Mr. Ratansi Morarji of Bombay, have resigned. The Council of State is in effect an Indian Cabinet and its members form the closest official Indian advisers to the Viceroy. Mr. Morarji stated that his resignation was in protest against "the ruthless repression culminating in the arbitrary internment of Gandhi." Mr. Iyer said that he resigned as a protest "against the imprisonment of Gandhi without trial, the revival of the Press Act, and the illegal, unwarranted use of violence against the satyagrahis and innocent members of the public in Madras and elsewhere." The Bombay Presidency Association, of which Mr. Dinshaw Petit, the Parsee merchant and cotton-mill owner, is president, passed a resolution on May 8 protesting against the detention of Gandhi "without fair and open trial" and against the revival and use for that purpose of an obsolete, century-old regulation.

Many noted Indians are giving up the decorations and titles bestowed upon them by the British. Official district and municipal boards are resigning in great numbers throughout India, according to the Chicago *Tribune's* special correspondent. The meeting of the All Parties' Conference on May 15 and 16 was very thinly attended, only seven out of a membership of thirty-four being present. Notable for their absence were the prominent Hindu leaders, Pandit Malaviya, Mr. Jayakar, and Dr. Moonjee, and the influential Mohammedans, Mr. Jinnah and Sir Mohammed Shafi. Messrs. Malaviya and Moonjee are actively working for full independence. On May 14 the Working Committee of the All-India Non-Brahman Conference passed a resolution disapproving of the government's "repressive policy," as well as of the civil-disobedience movement, and regretting that there had been no clean statement by the government as to its policy in regard to aims and objects of the Round Table Conference. These meetings and that of the National Liberal Federation were supposed to prepare the way for the Round Table Conference, but the results were such as to lead the correspondent of the London *Morning Post* to state that "it is abundantly clear that liberal support of the government is valueless"; while Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, wrote on the same day in regard to the Indian liberals: "They are of no support to the government and the Nationalists ignore them altogether."

With the melting away of Indian moderate and liberal support to the government, the value of Mohammedan allegiance has been greatly lessened. There cannot be a Round Table Conference with only Mohammedans present from the Indian side, nor can the country be governed with only Moslem support. Moreover, it would seem that certain influential Mohammedans are themselves wavering. Maybe they are wondering where they are going to find themselves if the Nationalist movement continues to gather speed and momentum. The failure of two such important Moslem leaders as Mr. Jinnah and Sir Mohammed Shafi to attend the All Parties' Conference is significant in this connection. The Palestine Arabs are urging the Indian Moslems to join the Nationalist Hindus. Many Indian Moslems have been active supporters of Gandhi from the beginning and are now in prison for their convictions, thus moving the others. On May 8 the Council of the All-India Moslem Federation passed a resolution disapproving of civil disobedience. But it also passed a resolution expressing the widespread alarm and anxiety of Moslems throughout India on account of the recent firing at Peshawar and the consequent loss of life, and declaring that the government communiqué on that matter fails to carry conviction. It asked that the federation be permitted to send a deputation to Peshawar to learn the facts.

Throughout the country prominent Indian lawyers are showing their sympathy by failing to attend court on days of hartal. (A hartal is a sympathetic suspension of all business.) On May 16 a meeting of the All-India Journalists' and Press Owners' Conference protested against the rigid press censorship and restrictions, and also passed a resolution demanding the immediate release of Gandhi and urging the need of negotiating with him. The Sikhs have swung more strongly into the Nationalist movement. Following the April resolution of the Akali section of Sikhs, several *jathas,* or bands, of them started to march from Amritsar to Peshawar. One of their leaders, Tara Singh, was arrested at Lahore, and on May 17 ninety-nine others were arrested near Jhelum, but another band has started to take their place. The Central Sikh Committee has voted to join the Nationalist movement.

Women are taking very active part in the campaign. This was not so in Gandhi's campaign of 1920-22, and it is a momentous break in Indian traditions of womanly conduct. It marks the increase in Gandhi's influence and the depth and power of the Indian desire for independence. Three prominent Indian women have been arrested and imprisoned, all in connection with the salt-law violations. Madame Naidu was arrested at Dharasana and given nine months' imprisonment. Her sister-in-law, Miss Chattopadhyaya, got a sentence of nine months in Bombay. Mrs. Lakshmipathi, a leading social worker of Madras, was given a year's imprisonment. More than 300 high-caste women paraded at Delhi, 200 at Karachi, and large

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numbers at other places in addition to those mentioned.

The Indian business community is strongly supporting Gandhi's movement. One clear indication of this is the nation-wide boycott of foreign cloth, the results of which are being felt in Germany, France, and Italy as well as in England. On May 7 there was a meeting in Bombay of fourteen Indian commercial organizations at which a resolution was passed requesting the Indian Merchants' Chamber to call on its representatives in the Indian National Assembly and in the Bombay Legislative Council to resign.

This cloth boycott puts tremendous pressure on Great Britain. Her cotton industry produces nearly one-fifth of the total exports of the United Kingdom, and even during the last three years has averaged more than £140,000,000. A substantial part of British cotton cloth was absorbed by India. The market for British cottons in China has been greatly reduced by the boycott and trouble there. Now comes the Indian boycott to increase British unemployment and financial losses still further. The Indian boycott applies also to British drugs, banks, ships, and other enterprises.

The campaign to violate and nullify the government salt tax and monopoly proceeds with increasing momentum. There are said to be more than 3,000 persons imprisoned already for violation of this law, as well as an equal number for sedition. Extemporized prisons and detention camps are being created, but the feeding and guarding of so many will be a great expense and difficulty to the government. As I write (May 26), the wireless tells of a new raid at Wadala salt works in which 40,000 Indians took part and in which apparently only seven were arrested.

The Congress Working Committee's resolutions to encourage the peasants to refuse to pay land tax and *showki* (police) tax are bearing fruit. The peasants of the Sarbhon division of Bardoli district in Bombay Presidency have resolved not to pay land-revenue taxes until Gandhi or Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel, both of whom are now in prison, order them to pay. Bardoli district defeated the Presidency government by a no-tax campaign only two years ago. The land-revenue tax is due, I understand, on July 1, just after the proposed date of issuance of volume two of the Simon Report. The example of Bardoli will doubtless be followed elsewhere. The correspondent of the London *Times* described the land revenue as "the very pith and marrow of government in India." In Bihar the peasants are eager to refuse the police tax. On May 19 there was a report of a refusal to pay water tax at Multan, in the Punjab. The peasants' opposition to taxation will have good opportunity to reveal its strength before the proposed date of the Round Table Conference, October 20.

It is impossible to keep from wondering whether this tax-refusal campaign is not partly responsible for the sudden flotation in London on May 20 of a Government of India loan of £7,000,000, whose officially described purpose is "to provide funds for capital expenditure on railways in India and for general purposes." The last phrase is both vague and elastic. According to the *Daily Telegraph,* the loan "came as a surprise." It seems quite possible that the Government of India expects a very considerable shortage of funds due to the boycott, decline of trade, and refusals to pay land tax, and to increased police, troop, and prison expenses.

Just what happened at Peshawar we do not yet know. That it was shocking and not creditable to the government seems probable in view of the instant application of government censorship. The government issued an official communiqué describing the events and placing all blame on the Congress party, but somehow none of the Indians seem to believe it. The National Liberal Federation and the All-India Moslem Federation have both officially expressed their doubts and requested permission to investigate the Peshawar occurrences. Mr. V. J. Patel has done likewise on behalf of the Working Committee of the National Congress. Pandit Malaviya has individually requested permission to go to Peshawar to help the wounded there. But the acting governor of the Northwest Province has refused such permission to Messrs. Patel and Malaviya, and probably also to the two organizations. Public opinion has been so aroused, however, that the government has had to appoint a special commission to investigate occurrences there.

Sholapur has been played up in the Western press as a place of horrible riots, but now the horrors begin to appear as mythical as many of the war-time Belgian atrocities. The Bombay Presidency government has officially announced in regard to Sholapur:

> Nearly all the rumors of hideous brutalities by the mob which have been freely circulated are without foundation. It is not true that policemen were tied together and burned alive, or that one had his eyes gouged out, nor is there any suspicion whatever that two were thrown into a well. It is hoped that all the missing policemen will yet be found.

This statement was printed in small type at the foot of a column in the London *Times* of May 20. But the heavy fines, long prison sentences, and floggings imposed upon the Indians of Sholapur by the military there have turned Indian opinion still farther from the government and raised doubts even in the minds of some Europeans in India.

Of course, the London Tory papers are full of stories of communism in India. But Mr. Benn, Secretary of State for India, stated in Parliament on May 12 in response to a question: "There has been no evidence that Communist agents were responsible for any of the recent disturbances, though the use of red uniforms and hammer and sickle badges has been mentioned in some of the official Peshawar telegrams." There are undoubtedly some Communists in India, as in all other countries, but their numbers and, in my opinion, their influence there are very small.

When the censorship and prejudices have cleared away, I feel sure that it will be found that a large number of the stories of violence were pure fabrications. We know from our war experience what happened in the British and American press in that time of national excitement and crisis. The people of India are more pacific even than the Chinese. Of course, there are some Indians who disagree with Gandhi and believe that violence is an efficient weapon. But they are not the majority. The more recent reports speak of the continued insistence of the Indian leaders upon non-violence, and we have the old war correspondent, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, reporting to the *Daily Telegraph* on May 21 that "the perpetual struggle for the salt pans at Wadala, just outside Bombay, continues, but there has been no violence."

That the whole struggle is predominantly non-violent on the part of Indians is indicated by the continued desertions of moderates and liberals from the government. Violence by the Independence Party would only have driven

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these men more strongly to the British side. But the voluntary non-violent suffering by Nationalists for the cause of Indian independence is too much for the moderates to endure. It touches them too deeply, as indeed it must eventually touch all men, including the British themselves. The West understands violence, so the cables are full of stories of violence; but the much greater amount of wholly non-violent resistance is not understood and so does not get reported. But non-violent resistance is the great power that is moving events in India.

At all events, it seems to be touching the Indian troops and perhaps it will soon touch the police. Two platoons of Indian troops evidently mutinied at Peshawar, for they were immediately removed from their regiment and sent to another station, where preparations were made for their court martial. There were also rumors published in the *Times* of May 18 about a mutiny of Gurkhas at Calcutta and of trouble in a Sikh regiment at Delhi. How long Indian troops can keep their morale and continue to see their countrymen voluntarily and without violence enduring suffering for their country remains to be seen.

Evidence is not wanting that the morale and obedience of the Indian police will progressively weaken, and that they may transfer their loyalty en masse the moment they come to feel reasonably sure that the followers of Gandhi have more power in India than the British. We shall see. Even the Indian servants are beginning to stir. The special correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* stated on May 19 that "a new feature of the campaign was introduced today when cooks and other servants, including barbers, refused to serve wearers of foreign-woven clothing." This was in Calcutta. The day may come within a few months when Indian servants of all British people will go on strike. It is undoubtedly a fact that one link in the chain of British power in India is the cooperation of Indian cooks, body servants, and scavengers. Indeed, the only two reasonably firm bulwarks of British power today in India are the landowners in the provinces, where the land revenue is paid through the large landowner as a combined rental and tax, and the few individual rulers of Indian states. But even these two groups may come to see that although they will lose much by transferring to the Independence Party they will lose all if they cling to Britain.

Altogether the situation points definitely to the failure of the proposed Round Table Conference. I think it will not occur at all. By October the campaign of repression will have alienated practically all the Indian moderates and liberals and most of the Mohammedans and proved to their minds that Britain will yield nothing of real power without coercion. The no-tax campaign will not permit the government to let up on repression. The Simon Report will, I believe, prove to be a dud. Probably it will make concessions which a year ago would have seemed large, but now will fail to satisfy. This prophecy is easy when you realize how completely the British fail to understand the Indian situation. They do not understand Gandhi, or his weapon of satyagraha. Most British officials and the British press have steadily sneered and jeered at Gandhi, and since 1922 have wholly underestimated his moral and political ability, influence, and power. The Viceroy himself has been led into this same error of underestimating Gandhi. The Viceroy is an honest and high-minded man, but his class limitations hamper him and he is surrounded by a bureaucracy who are misguiding him.

A sentence in a leader in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* for May 16 scolds Gandhi for "compelling the government of India to choose between confessing impotence and appearing brutal." Yes, Gandhi's tactics have compelled the government of India to reveal to all Indians and the rest of the world that imperialism is fundamentally predatory and brutal. So when trustful, comfort-loving, ostrich-minded, yet kindly and conscientious, liberals and moderates of India or England are compelled to recognize and admit the ultimate ugly and brutal nature of empire, they will reluctantly, but inevitably, renounce their loyalty to it.

Englishmen ceaselessly talk about the many divisions, "minorities," races, languages, castes, and religions of India. That fixed idea about Indian divisions is blinding Britain and the West to the rapidly increasing unification of Indian opinion around the Congress program and the personality and tactics of Gandhi. By contrast, British opinion is becoming more and more divided, wavering, and weak. In Great Britain the Independent Labor Party has come out in favor of complete Indian independence, while the Tories are, of course, all for the status quo and stern repression. A good many members of Parliament are for dominion status. Much of the rank and file of British labor and the traders, especially Lancashire textile interests, want trade resumption and consequent increased employment immediately, and are not so sure but that it will come sooner by giving up political control over India. The big investment bankers and steel interests, however, want no concessions to India, because their profits come out of Indian government bonds, Indian railway securities, and the control of Indian funds.

In India, British opinion is also divided. Mr. Richard Lane, who has recently returned from India, writes in the English *Spectator:*

> The few thousand Englishmen who are responsible for India's government are in despair, disheartened by the seeming ingratitude of those whom they have sought to serve, disheartened by the consciousness that whatever the course of their action it will be unsupported by the people at home, and themselves not untouched by feelings of sympathy for Indian nationalism.

I would say that the British bureaucracy and military men in India are against all concessions and many are in favor of harsh repression, because their jobs depend upon maintenance of the status quo. British commercial interests there, however, would probably be willing to make very great concessions if thereby they could get a resumption of their business. Even if they have to lose much, they don't want to lose all. And they know that Japanese, Germans, French, Italians, and Americans are all eager to jump in and get a bigger share of the trade. The India Chamber of Commerce, a European organization, I believe, with headquarters in Calcutta, about May 20 informed the Viceroy, according to the Chicago *Tribune,* that "the continuance of the present political policy will lead to chaos in business."

Besides these divisions of British opinion there are the probable conflicts in the minds and hearts of the Labor Cabinet. It is disquieting no doubt to two professed pacifists such as Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden to be acquiescing in the imprisonment of Gandhi, the greatest pacifist in the world.

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So the push and pull of forces, the currents of opinion and feeling and will eddy and whirl and surge. But it is important to note that the Indian Nationalists have the initiative and Britain is on the defensive both morally and materially. The question of India's ability to govern herself is merely academic. The real question is whether India has sufficient power to prevent Great Britain from governing her. If she has that power, then no outside nation can govern her either, and she will learn to govern herself. It seems to me that no matter what Britain does, whether repression or conciliation, withholding or yielding, she will lose heavily, both politically and economically. The probability is that all concessions will be made too late, for the combined effect of British ignorance and seven hundred million pounds sterling of British investments in India is inevitably conservative.

The political self-liberation of one-fifth of the human race is a momentous event. Primarily it is a moral and spiritual affair, and it touches all of us. In forming our opinions and reaching our decisions we can no longer limit our loyalties to any one nation or any one civilization. We must be loyal to the highest interests of humanity as a whole.

The Government in Business

By MAJOR GENERAL T. Q. ASHBURN

CAN the government successfully carry on a business? I believe that it can if the business is rightly organized. In the case of the Inland Waterways Corporation, I believe that we have shown how it should be organized, namely, so that it may function as any private business corporation functions. The Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service lost nearly $1,000,000 a year from 1920 to 1924, inclusive. Reorganized in 1924 as the Inland Waterways Corporation, it has turned that loss into an average annual net income from operations of $82,000 for the years 1925 to 1929.

The Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service was created in 1920 under the jurisdiction of the War Department, to succeed the Railroad Administration in the operation of certain boats and barges upon designated streams of the United States. Its function was to carry on a water-transportation system analogous to a great trunk rail system, providing cheaper transportation to the public than all-rail. From 1920 to 1923 the service existed under the greatest difficulties. It was poorly equipped, its yearly life depending upon the temper of Congress in the matter of appropriations. These appropriations were subject to technical restrictions that prevented the use of funds for purposes for which they were clearly intended. It had no assurance for the future and could therefore make no plans; its very existence was threatened by interdepartmental quarrels, while it was continually coming up against the national slogan: Less Government in Business; More Business in Government. Moreover, there was in Congress a gradually growing resentment against appropriating an average of $1,000,000 a year, to be sunk, as Senator Warren once remarked, "in the deep black mud of the Mississippi."

The service was absolutely doomed to fail unless it could have a fair chance to operate as any other transportation agency would operate. Realizing this fact, and being responsible to the Secretary of War and to Congress for the operation of the service, I suggested in my annual report for 1923 that since there seemed to be a sincere disposition to develop common carriers on our interior streams there must be a general recognition of what our experience had demonstrated, and that there should be presented to Congress a concrete program based on that demonstration, this program to be accepted or rejected.

Congress was to be fully informed in regard to the following points: (1) the inherent difficulties of government operation, including the handicaps of a pioneer demonstration of government operation; (2) the necessity of conferring upon the Secretary of War, as the mandatory of Congress, power to do all that the head of a great private transportation agency ordinarily does; (3) the necessity of providing the Secretary of War with sufficient capital; and (4) the necessity of having a permanent executive head and a continuing policy exactly as in a private corporation.

> The duties and the demands made upon the time of the Secretary of War [said the report] are so stupendous as to preclude his giving more than a very limited time to the study and administration of this particular national question, although he is the mandatory of Congress. In spite of that, the responsibility for the success of the project lies with him, and his is the final decision. He must delegate a personal representative to do many things which he cannot possibly find time to do himself, and give him such authority to act as he may see fit. Not only must this man devote his time and attention to the problems, but he must be continually acquiring useful knowledge that does not spring spontaneously to the brain of any man, and much of which is not written in books; he must gain by experience, feel his way carefully in view of past pitfalls and mistakes, and grow with an institution as it grows. Fulfilling his duties as the Secretary of War's representative should be his permanent vocation.

The creation of the present Inland Waterways Corporation was then recommended. The argument for such a corporation was set forth, in brief, as follows:

Congress has invested hundreds of millions of dollars for the purpose of making streams navigable in the hope that cheaper transportation will result. It is appropriating nearly fifty million dollars annually; it has created an organization to carry into effect its policy, but has so hamstrung this organization that its annual loss averages almost a million a year. It cannot overcome its losses as long as it must operate under the same restrictions regarding its disbursements as an ordinary bureau of the government. Continuance under the present form of operations is hurting the cause that Congress seeks to foster. We believe that if a corporation is created, provided with $5,000,000 capital, and given all the powers necessary to fulfil the purpose of its creation, we can so function as to demonstrate in five years either that water transportation can be placed

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on a self-sustaining basis or that our whole policy of making streams navigable is a colossal mistake and should be abandoned.

There was never a more interested audience than the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House, or the Commerce Committee in the Senate, as I presented this argument. The proposition aroused interest because of its very audacity. It was finally recommended by these committees and enacted into law, although no such corporation had ever before been created by Congress.

In the drafting of the bill every conceivable form of government corporation was studied. The object was to create a corporation with all necessary powers, to place it under a single responsible head, and to eliminate any merely supervisory authority over this head. The corporation was granted therefore all the powers possessed by any private transportation agency, and in addition "such other powers as may be necessary or incidental to fulfil the purpose of its creation." If the public was to have assurance that it might safely patronize government lines it was necessary to make certain that operations would not suddenly be discontinued and that new projects would not dissipate our funds. The law accordingly provided that "the operation of any such facilities shall not be discontinued and new lines shall not be developed or operated until authorized by Congress." For the further protection of the public, the corporation was made liable before the courts and it can be sued without the consent of the United States. In order that it might operate like a private corporation the necessary money had to be available at all times and subject to no restrictions except that it must be spent to carry into effect the policy of Congress. This end was achieved by having a capital stock of $5,000,000 appropriated by the United States, which money was to remain available until expended. Such action obviated technical objections to our expenditures, removed any limit on the time during which the appropriation should be available, and created a revolving fund capable of being used over and over again.

Congress thus created a corporation with capital stock fully paid up, with all necessary powers definitely granted, with a continuing executive head, and with all the responsibility for the success of the enterprise vested in one man, the Secretary of War, who represents in himself the stockholders and the board of directors. Nevertheless, the law provides for the appointment of a board of six members which meets at such times and places as the Secretary of War deems necessary. Its functions, however, are purely advisory, and not binding on the Secretary.

Power and responsibility are lodged in the Secretary of War because he is in charge of those non-military activities which pertain to the construction and the maintenance of harbors and channels. During the hearings Secretary Weeks told the committee:

> I do not want a board of directors. . . . The Secretary of War has no time to sit down and discuss things in the way that is done by a corporation which has an executive officer and a board of directors. . . . There must be mandatory authority in the Secretary of War to enable him to perform, even in a reasonable degree, the duties of his office. . . . *I do not wish to be responsible for a thing I cannot direct* [italics mine].

The Secretary's approval or disapproval is final, and not subject to review by any authority except the courts. Under the by-laws, the chairman of the board is the executive of the Secretary of War in the performance of the duties vested by the act in the Secretary, who under the law may delegate all his authority to the chairman. In general, the chairman's position corresponds to that of the president of a railroad, but his actions are less restricted because of his intimate personal contact with the Secretary and his ability at any time to get immediate and definite instructions from him.

The chairman is in direct control of the executive department, which is located in Washington. Its total overhead is less than $50,000 a year. Each year the chairman prepares and submits to the Secretary of War a budget covering all salaries for the next year, which includes every employee except laborers paid by the day or hour. Owing to our accurate cost system this budget, prepared a year in advance, has rarely if ever been exceeded. Within this approved maximum budget the chairman is authorized to classify offices and positions and maximum rates of pay for each, and to employ, promote, demote, or discharge employees. Each department head has the same authority within the limits of the budget prescribed for that department. These men are made as independent as possible within the limits of their departments, and while there are certain general rules and regulations defining their duties and powers no attempt is made to dictate the manner of performance as long as results are satisfactory. All capital expenditures, regardless of amount, must be approved by the executive department, but all operating expenditures within the limits of the by-laws may be made by department heads. The prescribed system of reports keeps the executive department in constant touch with the other departments.

The corporation operates mainly on the Mississippi and Warrior Rivers. Because of different operating conditions separate operating managers are necessary for the Upper River Division, the Lower River Division, the Warrior Division, and the Warrior River Terminal Company. The managers, who are charged with maintenance and repair of terminals, have full authority within the limits prescribed by the by-laws, their activities being coordinated through the executive department. The budget for hull and machinery repairs for line and harbor vessels is prepared annually by the executive department, and as long as this budget is not exceeded and the by-laws are not violated the managers can make repairs without reference to any further authority. In erecting the functional organization to operate our facilities we followed the best lines of railroad practice. We consulted freely with outside experts and paid them well for their services. We continue to do so.

All line vessels are equipped with wireless, and we have four land stations. Each tow or express boat reports to a central station every two hours, giving its position and any difficulties encountered. These reports are charted, and any necessary information regarding channel conditions or other matters of importance is constantly available.

Our bills of lading are similar to railroad bills of lading. We offer insurance against all hazards. Each shipper, wherever he may be located—on the river or in the interior—gets precisely the same saving in cents per hundred pounds when he ships by our lines. In the making of joint rates

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the normal 20 per cent river saving is applied to a combined rail-river haul. For example, if the river saving from St. Louis to New Orleans by water were one dollar per ton, this saving would be subtracted from the all-rail ton rate from Chicago to New Orleans, and the joint rail-water rate, Chicago–St. Louis–New Orleans, would be one dollar less per ton than the all-rail rate from Chicago to New Orleans.

What have been the results of this government enterprise? The history of the Warrior River Terminal Company, a subsidiary of the Inland Waterways Corporation, offers one striking example of the efficiency with which the corporation operates.

The Warrior River Terminal Company was originally the Ensley Southern Railroad, and was owned by the Southern Railway. The Southern Railway claimed that the Ensley Southern was a non-paying line, threw it into the hands of a receiver, and finally asked for its abandonment. This action was not approved by the court, which ordered the road sold for $500,000. It was bought in 1926 by the Warrior River Terminal Company, the entire stock of which is owned by the Inland Waterways Corporation. We have rehabilitated the road and provided equipment at an additional cost of about $383,000 up to November 30, 1929. The total corporation investment in the Warrior River Terminal amounted to $775,018.26 in 1928. On April 18, 1929, the Interstate Commerce Commission wrote us a letter of which the essential paragraph follows:

> In your letter of April 12, transmitting the return of the Warrior River Terminal Company to the commission's order of January 18, 1929, you state that although the return shows net operating income of $30,885.98 in excess of 6 per cent on the value of the property of this company, no remittance of such excess has been made.

Thus, the corporation took over a railroad nineteen miles in length which had been thrown into the hands of a receiver and ordered sold by a court in 1926, and rehabilitated the property so that in 1928 it earned more than $30,000 in excess of 6 per cent on the value of the property.

When the Inland Waterways Corporation was organized a survey was made by the American Appraisal Company to adjust and appraise the value of the assets of the Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service transferred to the corporation. The sound value, with nothing allowed for good-will, thus entered upon the books of the corporation amounted to $9,762,858. In November, 1929, the book value of the corporation was no less than $19,746,350.06. The capital stock of the corporation, originally fixed at $5,000,000, was later increased to $15,000,000. On December 31, 1929, there was a little more than $2,200,000 of cash on hand and unissued stock to the amount of $6,000,000.

A study of the accounts of this corporation, its methods of operation, and its financial results will, I believe, demonstrate that its operations have been highly efficient. In my opinion, any similarly organized government corporation can be made just as efficient.

The Bishop's Challenge

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 7

IN the contest of strength between the United States Senate and Harry Sinclair it was finally and satisfactorily demonstrated that a hundred million dollars can be put in jail in this country. The issue raised by Bishop James Cannon's curt refusal to testify before the Senate Lobby Committee this week is far more interesting and significant. It involves not the mere power that resides in great wealth, but the combined political influence of the Methodist church, the Anti-Saloon League, and half a dozen other religious and dry organizations. If the Bishop gets away with it, as it seems he may, the prestige of the Senate will be seriously impaired, and its most useful function—that of making investigations—will be crippled for a long time, and the committee, therefore, ought to be the more vigorous. Writing as one who witnessed both incidents, I can testify that the contempt for which Sinclair served a jail term was the perfection of deference compared to the Bishop's insolent and calculated challenge. Politely, on advice of counsel, the oil magnate declined to answer four questions. After refusing to answer at least forty, Cannon crowned his defiance by deluging the committee with abuse, and walking out of the room in contempt of an order to remain on the witness stand. It was the most complete, direct, and deliberate affront ever administered to a body of Congress. It was planned in advance, carried out with deliberation, and delivered with a degree of rank insult perhaps unequaled in Congressional history.

THE committee had ascertained that E. C. Jameson, New York insurance broker, supplied a total of $172,000 to accomplish the defeat of Al Smith in 1928 and that $65,000 of it went to Cannon. At his insistence some of it was delivered in cash, and none of the checks covering the remainder bear his indorsement. Subsequently, in accordance with the Corrupt Practices Act, he accounted for $17,300. When Congressman Tinkham called attention to the $48,000 not accounted for, Cannon declared that it was expended through the Virginia Anti-Smith committee. In a lively desire to learn how the entire sum was spent, Chairman Caraway summoned Jameson before the committee and subjected him to a thorough cross-examination, in which Jameson admitted that Cannon's explanation was incorrect. Caraway also sent the committee investigator to New York to examine the books of a defunct bucket-shop with which the Bishop had dealt. Three days before the Bishop's scheduled appearance before the committee Caraway departed for Arkansas to deliver a series of speeches. Cannon appeared, made tentative objections to being questioned about his politico-financial operations, whereupon the absent chairman issued a statement apparently upholding him. Thus emboldened, Cannon flatly refused to testify, and after accusing Senators Walsh and Blaine of conducting a wet, Roman Catholic persecution against him, walked out, leaving them holding the bag. Being fairly familiar with Caraway's mental processes and habits of

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speech, I think it altogether probable that he did not intend to convey the impression which his statement left. I surmise that he actually intended to say that if a man in Cannon's position, confronted by such charges and such evidence as had been presented, was unwilling to explain them, the committee should be content to let the public draw its own conclusions, without forcing him to testify against himself. If that is true, his statement was unfortunately worded, and it does not change the general situation. Cannon does not greatly improve his case by basing his refusal on the technical ground that he is a voluntary witness. The chairman's absence at such a time is difficult to excuse.

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ASIDE from whether it will attempt to restore its sadly shattered dignity through contempt proceedings, the committee is confronted with other important questions. In its possession is evidence disclosing how Bishop Cannon disposed of large sums of money. Will it place this evidence in the record and wait for the Bishop's explanation, if any, or will it be content to drop that phase of the inquiry? There have been blunt intimations, supported by some documentary evidence, that Jameson did not actually give the money, but that it was contributed through him from other sources deeply interested in the defeat of Smith and the election of Hoover. One hears the familiar name of the power trust. How far will that inquiry be pursued, if at all? Many persons believe that under its authorizing resolution the committee lacks the necessary power to complete its investigation. Will it ask for an extension of authority? And if it does, will the Senate have the courage to grant it? These questions are pertinent and vital. The committee and the Senate are on trial, and this humble observer is by no means sure of the verdict.

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IF the Senate fails in courage or leadership, God help the country, because every passing hour adds to the panic and confusion which prevails at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The relationship between the White House and the Republican leaders in the Senate can no longer be described as mere discord; it has reached the stage of a singularly vindictive feud, and the condition is spreading to the usually dumb and docile members of the House. At this moment the attitude of Senators Borah and Norris toward the President might be characterized as effusively cordial in contrast to that privately manifested by such Old Guard leaders as Jim Watson and George Moses. The situation is constantly aggravated by the amazingly indiscreet expressions of petulance and distrust which emanate from the White House. Among the staunchest party regulars the feeling deepens that the President is not only a weak executive and a poor politician, but that he is ready to sacrifice anything or anybody for his own political safety. They complain that he seeks advice only to disregard it; that he ignores the rules of the game in making appointments; that his secretiveness about his intentions keeps the regulars in hot water and often makes them ridiculous; that his fear and indecision are endangering the welfare of the entire party. Obviously, such criticisms do not disclose the noblest motives on the part of their authors, nor are they so intended. They are the plain, practical complaints of the plain, practical men who compose the working organization of the Republican Party, and they arise from the plain, practical desire to keep the party, including themselves, in power. Official Washington is suffering from a case of prickly heat from which winter will bring no relief.

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IT assumed a malignant form around executive quarters a few days ago as the result of the well-meaning but misguided effort of Old Guard Senators to delay action on the anti-injunction bill. These amateur Machiavellis, inspired by the ineffable Steiwer of Oregon, concocted the scheme of sending the measure to Attorney General Mitchell for an opinion on its constitutionality. Apparently it never once occurred to any of them that the natural result of their action would be to make Mr. Hoover responsible for the bill's fate. That harassed statesman discovered it promptly when the representatives of organized labor descended on him and his Attorney General with vigorous demands for a quick and favorable report. On his other side, demanding the death of the measure, were the representatives of organized business. There was a great deal of perspiring, accompanied by no little pain. Finally the issue was met in characteristic fashion when Attorney General Mitchell sent the bill back with a letter explaining that he didn't see why he should pronounce any opinion at all.

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INCIDENTALLY, such is the President's desire to elevate the tone of the federal judiciary, and such is the esteem in which the Attorney General is held by his chief, that he is reported to be scheduled for an early vacancy on one of the Circuit Courts of Appeal. The whisper is current that Solicitor General Thacher will succeed him. There has been some indication in the neighborhood of the White House that the amiable Mr. Mitchell does not possess all the qualities of firmness and decision which are desirable in his present post. I am reluctant to believe this, and for two reasons. Did not Mr. Mitchell eventually decide to institute a prosecution, albeit a genteel one, against the radio trust? And would lack of firmness and decision tend to disqualify any man for membership in the present Administration? The replacement of "Puddler Jim" Davis as Secretary of Labor would not seem to require deep thought unless drastic improvement is contemplated—and apparently it is not. Mr. Hoover is toying again with his original desire to name William Doak, of the Brotherhood of Trainmen. Doak enjoys the distinction of being known to labor men as a politician, and to politicians as a labor man. Filling the hole left by "Puddler Jim" is not a task requiring the talents of a Great Engineer—a dentist could do it.

Dulcinea and Dorothea

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

When Don Quixote rode on Rosinante,
Challenging windmills in his lady's name,
Imagination drove his mind astray—
Illusion his love, and love, his own heart's flame:

Though wings I ride are ten times madder still,
And things ten times as mad are riding me,
The girl I love, the woman, lady, all
Are all I know on earth of certainty.

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In the Driftway

IN the Drifter's early back-yard days a cork was one of the minor mysteries. Here was neither wood nor rubber, yet it looked like the one and reacted like the other. He never got around to asking about it. Children, the Drifter has long since concluded, ask relatively few questions of their elders in view of the innumerable queries that rise between four and fourteen. Most of them rise and are forgotten in those long solitudinous hours that children spend. The Drifter accepted cork much as he accepted rubber balls and all-day suckers. In fact, he never realized what cork was and where it came from until one day many years later when he happened to take a bus ride from Seville to Algeciras.

* * * * *

THE Calle Serpiente, that narrow street which is the center of Seville's existence, was utterly deserted at four-thirty on a morning in mid-June when the Drifter, breakfastless and porterless because he had not been able to obtain either comfort at that hour, set out for the square from which the bus for Algeciras was scheduled to depart at five. The winding street was still warm with the heat of the day before and of many days before that. The day that was just breaking would be no cooler. The deep silence and the shuttered shops gave the Street of the Serpent an exhausted air. The crow of a rooster from a roof-top chicken yard and the Drifter's heavy footsteps as he lugged two weighty bags intensified the stillness. The bus was waiting when the Drifter arrived. Moreover, it left on time, and as the first rays of the sun silvered the waters of the Guadalquivir, the wide river which makes Seville a seaport, the city had become a patch of white on the farther edge of the fertile green valley. The wind increased as the road ascended toward the high country that lies between Seville and Algeciras, and the bus driver maintained such speed that he endowed the wind with the velocity of a gale. The windows of the bus proved unclosable; the window shades refused to roll up; a few hours from Seville, in June, the Drifter was shivering midwinter shivers as the awkward bus with flapping blinds careened crazily over and around and down the hills of south Spain. It was all a little fantastic, and the country was hardly less so.

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IT was unfriendly but impressive country. Gaunt mountains rose on every side, crowned with slabs of gray rock. Ruins of old Moorish towers topped many a hill; and on one high, treeless place stood the ancient Moorish city of Medina-Sidonia, its white walls and cobbled streets scoured and worn by the wind. But the Drifter remembers most vividly the cork forests through which the road led for many miles. Cork trees are low and round of top, and they look indescribably old, perhaps because of their queer denuded trunks which are stripped of the outer bark every ten years to provide stoppers for the world's bottles. Little donkeys, loaded with the bark, plodded the roads and impeded the speed of the bus as they climbed slowly up the road's embankment. And the forests, the purple thistles on their spiked stalks, the tails of the patient donkeys, the sombreros of the men who drove them—everything in sight leaned away from a wind that had been blowing from the same direction since the world began.

* * * * *

THUS the Drifter learned about cork. Yet cork and the strange country in which it grows are still as mysterious as ever. For the Drifter's castle in Spain is a ruined Moorish castle on a gaunt hill flanked with cork forests. Purple thistles nod on their stalks, the sky is blue, cloud shadows play over gray cliffs, the sun shines fitfully; but the whole world is wrapped in a wind that strips it not only of all warmth but somehow, too, of all reality.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The *Jewish Morning Journal* and Mr. Zukerman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since you have seen fit to introduce Mr. William Zukerman, the author of the article Zionism Finds Itself, in your issue of June 4 as the "manager of the European bureau of the New York *Jewish Morning Journal*," I am asking for the privilege of stating that Mr. Zukerman's views on the present status of Zionism are not necessarily expressive of the policy of the *Jewish Morning Journal*, but reflect his own personal opinions and reactions. With Mr. Zukerman's remarks about the more favorable attitude of the British press and public toward Zionist achievement in Palestine, I have no fault to find. I would fain wish that every word were true, though I have a feeling that he is over-optimistic. It is with Mr. Zukerman's categorical statement that "there has been a break in its [Zionist] ideology," and that "the political aspects of Zionism have been obscured" that our paper differs widely.

Mr. Zukerman bases his beliefs on the proceedings of the conferences of the Zionist General Council and of the Administrative Committee of the Jewish Agency held in London at the end of March. It is true that the economic questions were stressed then, but this was mainly owing to the fact that the report of the Shaw Commission had not been published then, leaving these gatherings in the dark about important and major policies of the British government. Since then, however, there has developed a definite deadlock between the Zionist organization and the Jewish Agency on the one side and Great Britain as mandatory for Palestine on the other. It is inaccurate to give the impression that either Dr. Weizmann or the other responsible Zionist leaders have "scrapped" Zionist political aspirations. It is true that the extremist point of view did not prevail, but this has been the case for the past decade in Zionist affairs. Generally speaking, the body of Zionists are as firm today as they have ever been in their conviction that only political stability and clarity can pave the way for further economic progress and peace in Palestine. This, it seems to me, is axiomatic about every country and every people.

I believe also that Mr. Zukerman has permitted himself to fall into error when he characterizes Zionist political aspiration as a purely Eastern European product, and when he states that Jewish labor in Palestine "has been indifferent to the political side of the Balfour Declaration." With regard to the last statement, the very opposite is true.

New York, May 27 JACOB FISHMAN,
Managing Editor, *Jewish Morning Journal*

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A Great American

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: José Carlos Mariátegui has died in Lima, Peru. These words sufficed to plunge the intelligentsia of all Hispano-America into sorrow; and nothing could be more eloquent of the cultural separation between the two halves of the new world than the fact that to most of us these words convey no meaning.

Mariátegui was the leader in Peru of the literary and intellectual revolutionary movement. He was a young man, about thirty-two or thirty-four. But he had already won a place of far more than local or even national importance. He was revered and loved as a guide by the younger generation in all the South American countries. He was perhaps the clearest mind, the purest and most devoted spirit which our century has given to our continents.

When a man's greatness inheres in the whole human being rather than in a particular gift it is hard to define his essential value. Mariátegui reached farthest, perhaps, as the founder and editor of a magazine called *Amauta* which now for several years has been the home of the enlightened groups of Peru and a forum of creative revolutionary action for all America. Mariátegui called himself a communist, although he had no affiliations with the orthodox Moscow party—nor indeed with any strictly political organization. He based his revolutionary creed on a profound aesthetic and intellectual acceptance of the Indian of the Andes, on an evolution of the values of the Inca culture in terms of modern life, and on a harmonization of these with the basic laws of industrialism and of modern socialism. His two latest books, "In Defense of Marxism" and "Essays in Interpretation of the Reality of Peru," might be called the inception of an American communism rooted in our Indian soil and functioning in our industrial world. But *Amauta* is no more a political organ than are the murals of Diego Rivera in Mexico City. Mariátegui was above all an interpreter and a fomenter of the creative spirit, a believer in the potential spirit of the Americas. And his magazine was the home of the Peruvian painters and poets and story-tellers who expressed this spirit. It was even more their home than it was that of the sociologists, economists, and archaeologists who are beginning, in Lima and Cuzco, to bring Mariátegui's Peru into birth. In these pages, moreover, the literature of Europe and of North America was fully represented. Mariátegui was no sentimental enemy of the United States: he recognized with his passionate clarity that we have the same cause and the same enemy as have the Americas of Spain. Appearing month after month on cheap paper with cheap reproductions of superb native art, *Amauta* has been one of the most dynamic and creative organs of our days.

Amauta was only part of the man's work. He founded a popular weekly, *Labor,* addressed more immediately to the worker who was barred from *Amauta* by its high intellectual standards. The weekly, last year, after several suspensions, was finally suppressed by President Leguía of Peru. In addition Mariátegui had begun to publish books and regularly arranged exhibitions in Lima for the superb new generation of artists who called him master: José Sabogal, Julia Codesido, Carmen Saco, Camillo Blas, among others. By such means, at thirty, Mariátegui had become a "maestro" for the intellectual and the studious along the whole Pacific littoral, from Colombia to Chile and north to Cuba and east to Argentina. On my recent journey through these lands university men everywhere came to speak to me of Mariátegui. "You are going to Lima," they said, "you will see him. Tell him for us that we read him and love him, and that we follow him."

In Lima I found him, a short lean cripple with burning eyes of black in which, it seemed to me, lived the power and passion of the Spaniard together with the exquisite sensibility of the Quichua—the Andean red man. He suffered from a tubercular infection which had required the amputation of one leg and the other was useless. He lived in a wheel-chair. But he was active, mobile, happy, beyond any of his American brothers. All day he worked in one of those tropical apartments open to an uncovered patio, among his family and his friends. And all day they came to him there—the writers, the painters, the scholars, the boys, and the girls, to win sustenance from his mind and from his heart. There also, periodically, came the police of President Leguía (the last of these assaults had been just a week before my arrival) and stuck him into jail, while they rifled his papers, bivouacked in his home, and then released him until the next of their visits.

Mariátegui lived in a state of perpetual siege. Often his letters never reached him, his papers were wantonly destroyed; in a hundred petty ways life was made miserable for him and work almost impossible. Yet the spirit of the man was so hale that these misfortunes did not touch its happy bloom. Nevertheless, he knew that he had reached the limit of his usefulness in a Peru stifled by Leguía. His activity was continental; it was high time he removed to some greater and freer center. This next step had been arranged for him. The intellectuals of Buenos Aires, chiefly through the propaganda of the brilliant Argentine publicist, Samuel Glusberg, had invited him to settle in their city. There he was to write, to lecture, possibly to edit a continental organ. In Buenos Aires he would be free, since Argentina is one of the freest countries in the world; he could earn money, almost an impossibility for a man of his stamp in Peru, and he would, moreover, find the type of medical aid which, he trusted, would save his life.

Everything was prepared, and he was to have gone this May. His journey would have been a turning-point in the cultural history of America Hispana. All his friends attached great importance to this transference of Mariátegui from the Pacific to the Atlantic. To me it seems symbolic of the potential cultural coordination of Hispano-America, even as the passage a hundred years ago of Bolívar and San Martín from the Atlantic to the Pacific was symbolic of the continent's liberation, political and economic, from Spain.

Mariátegui's death is one of those bitter and irreparable losses which try a man's faith in life and test his courage to go on living. He was truly a great man in a great cause, a continental cause—the cause of the cultural and spiritual freedom of America. He died poor. The expenses of his burial had to be met by a collection among his friends—most of them as poor as he. And he leaves absolutely penniless his widow and three children. His friends in the different American countries have therefore determined to raise a fund for the support of his family. They have asked me to take charge of any contributions from the United States.

I shall be glad to forward any contributions to Lima. Or money may be sent direct to Dr. Alberto Luis Sanchez, Apartado 12-53, Lima, Peru.

New York, May 6 Waldo Frank

Letters of Edward Carpenter

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The literary executors of the late Edward Carpenter have in preparation a memorial volume, and I have been asked to write the chapter on Walt Whitman and Carpenter's other American friends. If any of your readers have any letters from Carpenter, or letters from Carpenter to Whitman, I should be grateful for copies.

Waterbury, Vt., May 28 Will S. Monroe

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Rushbrook Williams Replies

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been drawn to your criticism of an interview which I gave on landing in New York. In answer to a question as to whether Mr. Gandhi's views were progressive, I quoted from his "Confession," which he has never retracted or modified in his copious speeches and writings. To speak of my having produced this quotation from among my "private state papers" appears to me an attempt to invest my uninteresting personality with some romantic glamor. I can only conclude that a similar spirit has converted the ordinary courtesy call which I said I hoped to pay at the Embassy in Washington into an "official mission" of the true best-seller brand.

I termed Mr. Gandhi a reactionary because I consider the appellation strictly accurate. Mr. Gandhi dislikes all that is most characteristic in Western civilization, from modern transport to modern medicine. I am unable to see what my connection with the Chamber of Princes has to do with the matter. If the chamber were, in your words, "probably the most reactionary body in India," why does it not support Mr. Gandhi, who never attacks the Indian states, publicly expresses his admiration for Indian kingship, and in general desires to revert to all that is time-honored? But it is perhaps news to you that the Indian states, through the chamber, have accepted, and are working for, dominion status, with cooperation with British India as their watchword. Their attitude toward Western civilization is more liberal than that of Mr. Gandhi, and they have a clearer realization of world tendencies. But is not all this beside the point? I mention it only since you seem to think that I have described Mr. Gandhi as reactionary because I am the envoy of a still more reactionary force. With shame I confess my inability to follow your reasoning.

New York, May 25 L. F. Rushbrook Williams

Contributors to This Issue

Richard B. Gregg, author of "The Economics of Khaddar" and "The Psychology and Strategy of Gandhi's Non-Violent Resistance," spent nearly four years in India, living most of the time in the Gandhi colony.

T. Q. Ashburn, Major General, United States Army, is chairman of the board of the Inland Waterways Corporation.

Paul Y. Anderson is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Alfred Kreymborg is the author of "Our Singing Strength."

Isidor Schneider is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

Matthew Josephson is the author of "Portrait of the Artist as American."

Alice Beal Parsons is the author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life."

Eda Lou Walton is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

Carlton J. H. Hayes is professor of history at Columbia University.

Dorothy Brewster is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

J. A. Hobson is a foremost British economist and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

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Books

The Ambience of Love

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

I

The ambience of love
incores us like a fruit
that huts and feeds the seed
and leads its root.

The ambience of love
is as spring's napless rain
that clothes the earth and seeks
to take earth's stain.

The ambience of love
is like a brooding sun
filial, to whom, like flowers
animals may run.

II

I lift myself to you
as often I have stood
and shook the slept-with sun
out of my blood;

and laid me down again,
and again rose up in thinned
new shadow to let rinse
my hot hair in the wind.

Liberty, Classic and Romantic

Liberty. By Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

TO write a book on liberty in general seems at first glance an unenviable task. What, after Milton, Locke, Voltaire, Mill, and a score of other great champions, is there left to say? And how can one write a full-length book in defense of abstract principles to which nearly all of us are already willing to pay our best lip service? "There are three irrefutable reasons," writes Charles Horton Cooley, "why views that seem dangerous, unpatriotic, or otherwise abominable should be freely expressed: (1) Discussion is the only way to modify or control them. (2) It is the only way to mobilize conservative views in order to combat them intelligently. (3) They may be right." When one can say the thing so compactly, why spread it over three hundred pages?

It is with such misgivings that one approaches Everett Dean Martin's "Liberty." These misgivings soon dissolve, however, before the flow of Mr. Martin's eloquence, his gift for felicitous and forcible statement, his attractive historical summaries, his broad, humane culture, his shrewd analysis and unfailing clarity. His "Liberty" is not perhaps a profound book or a remarkably original one, but it is none the less admirable. For in spite of the great existing classics, and of the fact that much of his argument is necessarily repetition, Mr. Martin has done a task that greatly needed to be done. So long as we have new forms and examples of censorship we shall need new tracts against them. When one learns that in the last month six newspapers and fifteen books have been suppressed in what is called the Irish Free State one can hardly regard Mr. Martin's book as academic. With the suppression of free utterance in Italy and Russia, the present censorship of news from India, and the relentless activity of our own Smoots and Sumners, we should be impressed today as never before with the truth of the aphorism that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. And books like Mr. Martin's are an essential part of such vigilance.

Perhaps the most valuable contribution of the present volume is its analysis of the confusion and inconsistency among present-day liberals. Mr. Martin defines a liberal as "a rationalist who walks by faith in the wisdom of the irrational majority." Because the liberalism of today stems partly from the Renaissance and Voltaire, and partly from Rousseau, most liberals are not quite sure whether they are champions of culture or of nature, whether they are advocates of reason or of instinct:

> Today the liberal proclaims himself a rebel against authority, a free spirit who must be rid of his inhibitions, and tomorrow he announces that liberty is a myth having no reality in an industrial civilization. It is good liberalism if one holds with Jefferson that that government is best which governs least. It is also good liberalism to work for the extension of the activities of the government, especially its control over industry. I know liberals who at the same time invoke the Bill of Rights in defense of civil liberty and denounce the Constitution because it is a barrier to the absolute rule of the majority. In one sentence a liberal will say that the public is always wrong because the average man cannot and will not think for himself; in the next sentence he will cry, "Let the people rule!" Liberalism is undecided whether it is individualism or socialism; whether liberty is a human achievement or a gift of nature; or whether the "progress" in which liberals believe should be directed toward further advance of civilization or toward revolt against civilization and a return to nature.

This confusion, according to Mr. Martin, results from the permeation of the liberal tradition by the philosophy of Rousseau. The "classical" view of liberty, which Mr. Martin supports, conceives of liberty as a name for certain concrete rights; it appeals to historic precedent, to reason and experience; it is a cultural achievement, dependent on personal responsibility, and it holds that sovereignty must be limited by law. The "romantic" view, stemming from Rousseau, conceives of liberty as freedom in general, a gift of nature to be restored to all mankind in equal degree by the emancipation of the masses from social bondage to the institutions and traditions of civilization. Its hope of freedom is based on a belief in the good intentions of man acting as mass, and it regards any other guaranty of the individual as unnecessary. Its slogan is, "Let the people rule," and the "self-government" it worships is, in the words of Mill, "not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest." Liberty as unrestricted rule of the people, holds Mr. Martin, destroys liberty as individual right. Such liberty is merely "the tyranny of all over each," or, worse, merely the tyranny of the best-organized faction. Liberalism today can survive "only if it can de-Rousseauize itself."

Mr. Martin carries his advocacy of individual liberty almost to the lengths of Thoreau. He takes no stock in the view that men are under moral obligation to give support to laws "the enforcement of which can work only injury, until they are repealed," nor in the view that if a law is wrong the surest guaranty of its repeal is its rigid enforcement:

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> I am at a loss to discover what psychological or historical facts have led to this generalization. The idea is apparently both unpsychological and un-American. It is at least not the way such matters have usually gone in this country. Bad laws are seldom repealed. The statute books are still cluttered with them. They merely become "dead letters" through inability to enforce them or some shift in popular interest which no longer demands their enforcement. . . . The assumption that the people will not accept a bad law if it is really enforced has little to support it. People are very likely to do the opposite, for, once enforced, the law is held to be a success; it is an accomplished fact. . . . It is because bad laws cannot be enforced, rather than because they can, that persistence in them is ever abandoned.

In spite of the cogency of this argument, one regrets that Mr. Martin does not give the opposing view a fuller consideration. The general principle that the individual, even when guided by his "moral conscience," may choose which laws he is to obey and which he will ignore is not one to be advocated without mature consideration of its probable consequences.

HENRY HAZLITT

The War for Modern Art

My Thirty Years' War. By Margaret Anderson. Covici-Friede. $4.

THE revolutions of poetry and art in the United States during the twentieth century were conducted largely by inspired women. These female crusaders and zealots—Amy Lowell, Isadora Duncan, Harriet Monroe, Margaret Anderson, and numerous others—toured and stumped the country in behalf of free verse and realism, free dancing, or free love. Many of the younger writers of today may recall how in their youth, somewhere between 1914 and 1924, they were sheltered and nurtured by the forensic prowess of these amazons. Their first effusions were examined by the indefatigable Miss Lowell and printed either by Miss Monroe in her *Poetry* or by Miss Anderson in her *Little Review*. Militant women were making literary history and artistic history in those days; and often in so doing they showed strong points of resemblance to their grandmothers or great-aunts of Abolition and Temperance-Ball days, save in one important respect: that they were largely for "self-expression" rather than for measures of repression.

It was for self-expression that Miss Anderson left her old-fashioned home in Indiana and took the first step toward the metropolis of Chicago, and along the aesthetic-sensuous-intellectual highways which led so many Middle Westerners to the left bank of Paris. It was for self-expression with fanfares of enthusiasm that the unforgettable *Little Review* was launched. The pages of this militant modern magazine which, courageously enough, made no compromise with the public's taste were opened to Sherwood Anderson and Ezra Pound, Ben Hecht and William Carlos Williams, Yeats and the "Baroness," Henry James and Mary Garden, the Mason and Hamlin piano, dadaism, anarchism, Hart Crane.

That Miss Anderson had in her mind an articulate plan or program is doubtful. What she had in abundance was her vague, powerful enthusiasm. For whenever she bends herself to apologetics or interpretations of her brood of artists, characters, experimenters, they become a little compromised in her hands. Indeed, the whole modern movement, as we look back upon it in America, rescued and nursed as it was by crusading women, assumes peculiar overtones; it suffers from being entangled with all sorts of "causes," such as birth control, Greek dancing, Lesbianism, psychoanalysis. Its motives, its growth, its orientation seem obscure and become all the more so in the emotional, subjective prose of Miss Anderson's memoirs.

The whole exciting, fermenting epoch, in which we still move, can be characterized already by its greater "self-consciousness" about art. A decade or two earlier no American would have dreamed of canvassing Wall Street for the sake of revolutionary modern artists! And yet this is precisely what the heroic Margaret Anderson does. The writers of the *Little Review* take literature as an art, explore its technical resources, listen for the latest note from Paris or Dublin, and labor for their own pleasure; whereas for older Americans the only writing that was ever heard of to any extent was a "business" that "paid."

For a long time Miss Anderson wages stoutly her "thirty years' war" for modern art, until in fatigue she drops her armor and becomes an exile in France. It is a war that will take all of thirty years; its outcome is still doubtful; and its peace will probably involve strange terms.

During hostilities Miss Anderson's instinct was generally true, and she had her luck, if I may call it that. She was lucky to have secured the collaboration of Ezra Pound, and to have joined forces with so provocative a person as Jane Heap. For years Pound, from Europe, carried on a magnificent work; he brought home much bran, but also a surprising quantity of talent. (The letters he wrote, freely cited, make delightful, acrid reading and one hopes for more, in another form.)

The *Little Review*, at any rate, was for some time the only American periodical which one opened with the hope of being surprised. The culmination of its brave work came with the publication of Joyce's "Ulysses," a book which has had amazing repercussions upon modern writers everywhere, and for whose presentation the *Little Review* was peculiarly fitted. The campaigns and trials that followed have become part of our literary history. All of Miss Anderson's twentieth-century Odyssey through the cultured purlieus of Chicago, New York, and Paris offers valuable documents for the future biographies of many potential immortals. But is it good history? Why do so many presumably fascinating and original characters among whom she passed shrink to small stature in her narrative? Why—save for the inimitable mad "Baroness"—do they seem to forget their lines when they stride the stage? We must have more memoirs of the twentieth century and more brilliant actors.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Civilization and Unreality

Kindness in a Corner. By T. F. Powys. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Apples Be Ripe. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE Messrs. Powys will doubtless not thank the reviewer who lumps them together, as if all books labeled "Powys" came out of the same bag. But there is enough similarity in these two novels to make their joint consideration something more than a caprice. Mr. T. F. Powys's tale of the Reverend Mr. Dottery and the little parish in which he is the great and good man is of course very different in its externals from Mr. Llewelyn Powys's account of Chris and his loves. But both books have a complete absence of reality—of which Mr. T. F. Powys is perhaps the more aware—that makes them charming; and both are written from precisely the same vantage-point of civilization. These two writers are civilized in the same way. That they know the same country and the same people in it is an accident of birth; that they see the same things as fresh and good and the same things as vulgar and empty is an accident of mind worth noting.

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Mr. Dottery, the good, innocent, natural man, whose taste is for excellent wine and a good table, who lives the quiet life of a scholar and might be expected to be terrified by the world, is as ready to accept experience as is Chris, the hero of "Apples Be Ripe." Mr. Dottery is willing to learn of love, although his heart is as pure as new milk. Chris is born with a natural yearning for what is joyful and unashamed in the relationships of lovers; because he could not capture her without marriage, he marries a wife who finds love-making filthy and disgusting. He leaves her and takes to the road; winds hardly touch him, he is almost not wetted by the rain. Without effort he learns the hard labor of a farm hand and makes love to the farmer's beautiful daughter on Sundays. His heart, however, remains faithful to the playmate of his youth, whom later he runs off with on a wild winter night that gives him pneumonia from which he dies. He is as much a child of nature as Mr. Dottery, learning of love from Lottie, the kitchen-maid.

If I understand Mr. Aldous Huxley, these Powyses, in their naturalism, are civilized in the way he would have the world be. This is the naturalism that accepts all experience, because all experience has been perceived; that is surprised at nothing, because life is full of surprises. The honest countrymen in both these novels take birth and death and bedding maids and receiving Holy Communion in much the same spirit. Those persons who shy at love, like Chris's wife, or who are looking for sin, like the wife of Canon Dibben in "Kindness in a Corner," are vulgar, ignorant, uncivilized. They are unnatural, when naturalism means the height of sophistication. They refuse life and will not expect death.

These are frank books, amusingly so in the case of "Kindness in a Corner." They are bold and at the same time gentle. And they are written with expertness and delicacy.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Eighteenth-Century Emotion

The Stricken Deer. The Life of Cowper. By David Cecil. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

COWPER'S face itself illustrates the theme, that decorous, pleasant, witty, urbane, gentle face with the mad eyes; and Lord Cecil states it in a brilliant introductory essay on the eighteenth century. The form taken in our minds by that much-invoked period is too homogeneous to be true, he says, adducing Cowper as an example.

> Past periods, like foreign countries, become the fashion. Today the eighteenth century is the fashion. . . . [People] like its sensibility because they dislike emotion. . . . They profess to like pure form, whatever that may mean, and the eighteenth century had a talent for form. . . . Finally they dislike the nineteenth century, and they see the eighteenth century as its opposite.

They see it as worldly-wise, modish, mocking, decorous, elegant. And in fact some of its typical figures are modish and elegant—Casanova, Voltaire, Lord Chesterfield. But Casanova shocked his own Venice; many Englishmen agreed with Johnson that Chesterfield's "Letters" taught "the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master"; while "to imagine that Voltaire expressed the general opinion of his time is to imagine that Jonah expressed the general opinion of Nineveh."

Outwardly fashionable society was

> . . . at once narrow and cosmopolitan, as much at home in Paris as in London. . . . It liked painting and politics, but painting meant Leonardo and Raphael and nothing else, and politics meant the Whig cause and the balance of power and nothing else.

Its classical learning was more Roman than Greek and more French than Roman. But underneath its formal appearance

> . . . it was really very English, impulsive, copious, untidy, full of exceptions to the rule, of eccentric characters, excited by sudden gusts of enthusiasm.

It made up only a small part of eighteenth-century England. There was the middle-class England of Fielding, and Smollett, and Gillray, and the Beggar's Opera, and Hogarth—

> . . . the life of the plain man in a decent brown stuff suit and shoes with steel buckles, who lived over his shop and went to Vauxhall on a holiday and sat under Seed or Jortin on Sunday; who gave money to an orphanage, and took his wife to see an execution.

There was the adventurous England too—

> . . . the adventures of the young men who were pressed for sailors, or taken by pirates, like Captain Singleton; or who explored New Zealand with Captain Cook; or were shipped off as incorrigible rakes at eighteen years old, to make fortunes as Indian nabobs, like William Hickey. It is a whimsical contrast between the dying Mogul empire, still illumined by gleams of fantastic splendor, and its prosaic red-faced conquerors with an unappeasable thirst for good living, and without a nerve in their bodies.

Without a nerve in their bodies, and there were the three volumes of "Clarissa Harlowe"! There were also Gray, and Cagliostro, and Mesmer, and the Jacobites, and the miners of Cornwall, "howling and foaming at the mouth under the eloquence of the Methodists." There were—

> . . . the bishops whose dioceses were in Wales and whose residences were in London, and who edited, with dignity, the more scabrous classical authors.

There were Burke, and Garrick, and Goldsmith, and Miss Burney, and Gibbon, and Doctor Johnson, and there was William Cowper, whose life presents one of the most teasing of all literary enigmas, alternating as it did between extremes of decorous placidity and wild emotional anarchy.

Three times Cowper went mad and twice he struggled successfully out of the black slough in which he suffered. Religious ecstasy saved him the first time.

> Alone among the philosophies of its day [evangelical religion] could satisfy the temperament of the artist. It alone set a supreme value on that emotional exaltation in which the greatest art is produced, it alone made the imagination the center of its system, and not a mere decorative appendage to it. . . . Wesley could have understood Dante as Voltaire, or even Doctor Johnson, could never have done.

The second time he was saved by the placid domestic routine which he and Mary Unwin had been building up together for many years. Both experiences open up to us intensely interesting vistas of eighteenth-century life that are left out of the current fashionable picture.

In presenting this life Lord Cecil is tentative and intelligent. He puts forth no ironclad explanations of Cowper's madness. To be sure, the loss of his mother at the age of six made a deep mark on Cowper. His first experience of public-school bullying shattered his nerves, though it did not prevent his being very happy in his second school. He had, or thought he had, a physical deformity, which may or may not have been the cause of his failure to press his suit of his cousin Theodora when difficulties intervened. His failure to marry and to have a normal sex life may or may not have had anything to do with those recurrent fits of melancholy which led at times to black madness. The reader wishing easy conclusions or the airing of his favorite theories will have to look elsewhere. But whoever wishes to explore in minutest detail all the recorded facets of an intensely alive personality will find this copious though not

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untidy book a mine of interest. A dozen neat, dogmatic, little titillating biographies could be made from its generous wealth —Cowper's relations with Mrs. Unwin, with that tempestuous Evangelical divine Mr. Newton, with the vivacious and perceptive Lady Austen, with the vivacious and steadfast Lady Hesketh, with Theodora, with the "mad poet" Hayley, his madness, his hidden deformity, his faith, his gallantries.

Lord Cecil has, in fact, written a biography after my own heart. He has taken advantage of modern methods of organizing a great mass of material into a readable narrative, without subjecting that material to a falsifying simplification. When facts fail him he refrains from the dubious virtue of invention, and he displays a quite unusual knowledge of and sympathy with the chaotic processes of human nature. My only discontent is with the rapidity with which he passes over Cowper's boyhood and early manhood. I wish more letters and concrete incidents had been introduced here. Failing them, one feels a little as if Cowper first came on the stage in his proper person, instead of as someone talked about, after his first attack of madness. When he comes he takes his place at once as one of those few individuals, like Pepys, and Horace Walpole, and Montaigne, and the younger Pliny, whom we know almost better than ourselves.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

To Make Thinking Beautiful

Intellectual Things. Stanley J. Kunitz. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

STANLEY KUNITZ'S poetry, even upon rereading, gives the curious impression of a divorcement from life. And in this the poet is very much in the main trend of the times. He handles romantic themes without anything other than an intellectual emotion. His theme is beauty, and he is capable of stirring up in his reader considerable vibration of feeling without once being passionate himself. As José Ortega y Gasset has said in an essay in the *Symposium,* there is going on today a general "dehumanization of art"; the period of romantic work is over, at least temporarily, and the poet is no longer bent on sharing his emotions, which are identical with those of the bourgeois:

> I do not know, but I believe that the new poet when he writes poetry aims simply to be a poet. We shall see how all the new art, agreeing in this with the new school of science, the new politics, new life, repulses above all things confusion of frontiers. It is a symptom of mental health to wish that frontiers between things should be sharply defined. Life is one thing and poetry is another—let us not mix them.

And Mr. Kunitz is a very expert poet who does not mix them. He entitles his book "Intellectual Things," but bases his title on Blake's mystic analysis—"For the tear is an intellectual thing." Mr. Kunitz is not, as are some "cerebral" poets, striving after metaphysical abstractions, nor is he concerned with the fever of the brain in revolt against its physical world; he is concerned with writing modern poetry which interprets the modern remoteness from reality, the passionless motion of the mind moving over its scenes, the reflection in the thought of all that is felt through the senses.

It is easy enough to point out this poet's affiliation in method with the metaphysical school—his use of delicate and strange conceits. There has been so much comparing of modern poets with Donne and his school (more or less without distinguishing one poet from another in that century) that one hesitates to indicate how a modern employs the same manner of association in image between two very different objects, as, for example, here, between the violet and the thoroughbred:

APPROACH OF AUTUMN

The early violets we saw together,
Lifting their delicate swift heads
As if to dip them in the water, now wither,
Arching no more like thoroughbreds.

Slender and pale, they flee the rime
Of death: the ghosts of violets
Are running in a dream. Heart-flowering time
Decays, green goes, and the eye forgets.

Forgets? But what spring-blooded stock
Sprouts deathless violets in the skull,
That, pawing on the hard and bitter rock
Of reason, make thinking beautiful?

And this is what Mr. Kunitz attempts: to "make thinking beautiful," glamorous, almost, one might say, romantic in itself. And he succeeds, partly because he knows his own limitations—and this type of lyricism has them—and never sings too stridently or importantly. He is a graceful writer of very feminine tone, perhaps almost over-delicate in gesture and accent; he is nevertheless beautifully in command of his medium and of his own subtle shadings through language and rhythm:

> Only, when loosening clothes, you lean
> Out of your window sleepily,
> And with luxurious, lidded mien
> Sniff at the bitter dark—dear she,
> Think somewhat gently of, between
> Love ended and beginning, me.

He strikes no profound note. His is the art of creating poetry for poetry's sake. Mr. Kunitz gives the reader always the impression of the romantic image of delight seen through the fragile lense of the mind, no impact against the flesh, but, nevertheless, a wistful, remote eagerness. His unique quality is the perfection with which he accomplishes this, and his waving, scarflike rhythm.

EDA LOU WALTON

Vive la France

A Short History of the French People. By Charles Guignebert. Translated from the French by F. G. Richmond. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company. $15.

France, a Study in Nationality. By André Siegfried. Yale University Press. $2.

HERE are two attempts of distinguished Frenchmen to explain their country to Americans. Professor Guignebert, in response to the compelling patriotic call of 1918, turned aside from his studies of early Christianity to lecture American soldiers on the history of France, and the results are now available in English translation in two fat volumes. Professor Siegfried, heeding a later and more subtle call to patriotic service, has published in a little volume his Williamstown lectures on contemporary France.

English-speaking people have certainly been in need of a readable, reliable, up-to-date survey of the whole history of the French people, and Guignebert's work comes nearest to satisfying the need. It covers chronologically the whole span of French history from the Gaul of the Celts and of Caesar to the France of the World War, and it is based largely on such well-known secondary writings as those of Lavisse, Rambaud, Glasson, and Viollet, with honorable mention of Michelet. But it is not wholly reliable. It is marred by a considerable number of factual errors and inaccuracies, and preeminently so by the author's biases, notable among which are his inveterate prejudice against Catholic Christianity and his sterling devotion to French patriotism of the Jacobin variety. As a good Jacobin, he applauds the Revolution and especially its quickening of national

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spirit, and he is highly critical of Louis XIV, Napoleon, and royalists in general. As a good patriot, he perceives an almost providential evolution of the French people, always, however, with a fixed national character of moderation and mental lucidity; he interprets the Hundred Years' War, not as a civil feudal war, which it was, but as an international war between France and England, which it was not; he rejoices that the Revolutionaries extended French frontiers to the Rhine and regrets that Napoleon lost them; he maintains that Germany in 1914 was dominated by Pan-Germanism but overlooks the propagation of *revanche* in the schools and press of his own country after 1870.

Nor is Professor Guignebert's work up to date, according to American standards. It is narrowly political, with a few paragraphs here and there on intellectual developments, but it is not economic or broadly social. It is really a history of French politics rather than a history of the French people. Besides, it is badly proportioned. Almost half of the first volume is consecrated to obscure kings of the Dark Age (Thierry IV, Childeric III, Louis the Stammerer, and the Charleses—Bald, Fat, and Simple), while the vitally important modern events since 1815 are thinned out in the last quarter of the second volume. The translator, moreover, has done his worst to make the work unreadable. He bestrews the undoubtedly lucid French text with such curious English words as "aeonian," "energumens," "distemperature," "Napoleonean"; he injects into it every once in a while a sentence that defies syntax; and he astounds the historian by writing about "Philip the Handsome" when "Philip the Fair" is meant, and by referring to "Etienne de Blois" for "Stephen of England," "Gand" for "Ghent," "Charles Quint" for "Charles V," "Vienne" for "Vienna," "Toussaint" for "All Saints," and "patrice" for "patrician." And why hyphenate MacMahon?—he was Irish, even if President of the French Republic. And why the awful "civism," "civicist," and "incivism"?

Professor Siegfried's book is bright and easy to read, but its title is misleading. "A Study in Nationality" creates the expectation of a painstaking, scientific inquiry into the origin or nature of French national consciousness. It is nothing of the kind. Actually, it is a popular sketch of the political groups in contemporary France, with some attention to their general attitude toward international affairs and with a few incidental *ipse dixits* of the author on French "character." On the political groups, the sketch is notably clear and useful: it should enable the American reader to understand the purposes and practical operation of French politics. At the same time, the American reader should be on his guard against some of Professor Siegfried's easy generalizations, such as his insistence that the French "personality" is fixed, that it is far older than the American, the German, or even the English, and that its supreme attribute is "individualism," or his notion that the contemporary Frenchman does not have any "export complex" and is therefore not interested in imperialism or foreign affairs. The French "personality" is plural, not singular; there are among Frenchmen many different and frequently conflicting attitudes and behaviors, and about them there is more fluidity than fixity. If the author had centered his attention upon economics instead of politics he would have observed that the French "personality" is undergoing in our day, as surely if more slowly, the same industrial transformation as the English, the German, or the American is experiencing. Of course, the French are individualists—about some things—as are the other Latin peoples and most nations of the Continent, but they display relatively great conformity in their school system, in their obedience to army demands, and in their patriotism. In these respects the French are anti-individualists par excellence. Nor may the French be quite so disinterested in world affairs as the author would have Americans believe. It is true that they export certain kinds of manufactured goods in smaller quantities than some other nations, but they do export capital to their colonies and to foreign countries, they do have a Comité des Forges, they do form cartels with foreign manufacturers and bankers—and the French are human; where their treasure is, there will their heart be also. It is convincing evidence of Frenchmen's interest in foreigners that both Professor Siegfried and Professor Guignebert have addressed their books to us Americans.

"The Frenchman," says Professor Siegfried, "looks life straight in the face, with no trace of hypocrisy or childishness and with no illusions"; and Professor Guignebert echoes and re-echoes the self-flattering refrain. Why is it, then, that both professors metaphorically weep when they refer to the wrongs done France by nineteenth-century armed invasions of their country—three within fifty-six years? Both professors should look those invasions straight in the face and realize that the first, in 1814, was the outcome of French support of Napoleon's ambition to dominate all Europe; that the second, in 1815, was the result of the French rallying to Napoleon after he had broken his most sacred promises; and that the third, in 1870, was preceded by popular French opposition to German unification and was precipitated by a French declaration of war against Prussia.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Galleries of Women

Daughters of Eve. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Three Women: St. Teresa, Madame de Choiseul, Mrs. Eddy. By H. E. Wortham. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

WITH the exception of Catharine the Great, Mr. Bradford's seven daughters of Eve are French. French women have always been allowed by Anglo-Saxon male commentators a wider unrebuked latitude in experimentation than is accorded to Anglo-Saxon women. So one is not surprised at the enthusiastic tone of the concluding paragraph: "They were all adventurers, all free, joyous, careless experimenters with life." Mr. Bradford does utter a mild warning not to regard the case as typical when the accepted conventions of morality seem to be pretty thoroughly contradicted by the career of Ninon de Lenclos: "There is not one girl in a thousand who could start as Ninon did and end as she did"—in the port of peaceful and respected age. But of Catharine the Great he ventures to say that "she was good, though she was an empress and she had her little eccentricities"—a euphemism perhaps for lovers. Eve's daughters have a wide range of activity. Ninon de Lenclos had a delightful time in the apple orchard; Mme de Maintenon, combining the talents of dove and serpent, held the devotion of a king for thirty years; Mme Guyon achieved a mystical union with God but split the church into factions; Mlle de Lespinasse experienced the ecstasies and miseries of earthly love and analyzed them with amazing intellectual precision; Catharine ruled her empire and managed her lovers; George Sand and Bernhardt deeply stirred the imagination of their time with their art. They did in fact nearly everything except function as mothers. It is interesting that none of the ten women selected for portrayal by Mr. Bradford and Mr. Wortham regarded her children, if she had any, as other than a minor issue. They all found family life quite inadequate for their satisfaction and sought that satisfaction elsewhere. All but the Duchesse de Choiseul. Her devotion to her husband was the guiding force of her life; but although he was agreeably surprised that his wife did not follow the accepted fashion of other wives at the court of Louis XV he took it rather lightly and made no pretence himself to marital fidelity.

There is a touch of the "let us now join the ladies" manner

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in Mr. Bradford's deft "psychographies"—an excess of consideration. Yet one has confidence in the soundness of his scholarship and in the balance and the sympathy of his judgments. Mr. Wortham is less scrupulously considerate, and more prodigal with his facts and opinions; and he has to be watched more alertly for ironical implications. One suspects him of malice in his frequent quotation from Mrs. Eddy's verse—though of course that suspicion rests on the reader's estimate of its quality. He offers the miracles of St. Teresa and the marvels of Mrs. Eddy on a platter and commits himself to no psychological theories. Referring to St. Teresa's skill in cooking, he remarks that there was a Martha as well as a Mary in her: "She had at least one rapture in the kitchen when, frying-pan in hand, she was seen to rise off the kitchen floor." If God spoke to St. Teresa in praise of poverty, and advised Mrs. Eddy to charge more for her lessons, these divine inconsistencies must be left to pundits to explain.

Both authors appear to have a very real admiration and respect for the women they portray. On the surface there is little trace in either book of that irritated concern with male superiority that Virginia Woolf recently amused herself by tracking down through the many volumes written by men about women. Mr. Bradford finds it humiliating to detect in so shrewd and clear-sighted a person as George Sand a "vast instinctive contempt" for the human male. But he evens up the score elsewhere by a touch of that patronizing flattery that conceals contempt for the human female. "Are there not millions of American wives," he says in commenting on Mme de Maintenon's managing ability, "apparently considerate and deferential, keeping suavely and deftly within their province, yet at the same time having their little dainty fingers on every pulse of their world?" If Mr. Wortham—an Englishman—happens ever to see this remark about American wives he will be more than ever convinced of what he casually refers to as the predominance which women have won for themselves in American life. His opinion of American life is as flattering to American pride as the opinion of Englishmen usually is. Hence his opinion of American women—but he had better be turned over to Virginia Woolf for cross-examination.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Books in Brief

The Canterbury Tales. The Prologue and Four Tales with the Book of the Duchess and Six Lyrics. By Geoffrey Chaucer. Translated into Modern English Verse by Frank Ernest Hill. Illustrated by Hermann Rosse. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Hill has adhered more closely to Chaucer's line and word than any other modernizer, from Dryden on, has done. Whenever possible he has preserved Chaucer exactly as he was, changing only the orthography to meet the demands of a modern eye. Unfortunately this has not been often possible, since there is that little matter of the final "e" which we no longer pronounce, and which therefore wrecks the rhythm for us. Mr. Hill has constantly needed to throw in a word or two to complete the line; or has had to find another word than Chaucer's altogether. On the other hand he has usually left the last word in a line as it was, the only difference being that it now sports no superfluous, mellifluous syllable wherewith to charm our ears. Mr. Hill, to be brief, has done all that can be done to translate Chaucer faithfully. But this, one fears, is not enough. Dryden produced something better with his modernizations, which, being free, were free also to achieve some sort of poetry of their own—as it happens, a very fine sort. And Dryden actually came pretty close to Chaucer; at least he came close to being as rich and entertaining as the original. He could not reproduce the peculiar caressing softness of Chaucer's rhythm. Neither can Mr. Hill or any other modern. All that Mr. Hill gives us is the sense. He is to be thanked for that; but one wonders whether he is right in insisting upon the difficulties of the original for any except a scholarly reader. The reviewer believes that a modern person, without any linguistic training whatsoever, can get the most pleasure out of Chaucer by being thrown into his text as it stands.

Stresemann. By Rudolf Olden. Translated by R. T. Clark. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Mr. Olden, formerly on the staff of the *Wiener Tag,* now on the *Berliner Tageblatt,* writes a sympathetic biography which briefly reveals the childhood, the modest youth, and the political achievements of Germany's greatest reconstructive statesman. There was nothing unusual or spectacular in the course of Stresemann's early life. He was born in Berlin, the son of a merchant of the middle class. His parents, by thrift and careful management, accumulated enough capital to enable them to send Gustav through the university, after which his career was not unlike that of the ordinary university graduate until the World War called him to participate in events which made him a world figure. With his later life the readers of this notice are generally familiar. The narrative, which is well written, does not attempt to give a history of the period but holds rather closely to the subject. However, it may be said that the last decade of Stresemann's life, cut short on the third of October, 1929, was the political history of Germany, and of Germany—largely because of his achievements—at her best.

A Study of the Principles of Politics. By G. E. G. Catlin. The Macmillan Company. $6.

It is difficult to indicate just wherein the present volume offers a new departure. The thesis that politics is concerned with all forms of human relations in which one will attempts to influence other wills, and that politics is a science, in the same sense as economics is a science, the author has already presented in a former book on the "Science and Method of Politics." Again, not only does the list of political "laws" consist of adaptations of those given by other writers, but the author's argument on behalf of their relevance to concrete issues is not invulnerable. Nor does the discussion in the second part of the book of some of the major problems of political philosophy, as, for example, liberty, equality, and sovereignty, offer much that has been hitherto unexplored. Here, the author's frequent profession of his devotion to "social facts" and his use of an improvised terminology do not conceal the fact that the view offered is not uncommon among those who accept a position midway between Bosanquet and Laski. It does not appear that the difference between Professor Catlin's analysis and those of Hobhouse, Maciver, or A. D. Lindsay is crucial. In fact, this book, together with those recently published by Bernard Shaw, Cole, and Hobson, tends to indicate that the contemporary current of political ideas in England is already a spent force. Nevertheless, while the present volume does not promise to be of seminal significance, it is far from containing merely a solemn iteration of the tolerably obvious. The book is generally lucid and incisive. Professor Catlin, too, possesses the fatal gift to challenge and provoke.

The Letters of Lafayette and Jefferson. Edited by Gilbert Chinard. Johns Hopkins Press. $8.50.

This book was edited with a twofold purpose, stemming from the chief two preoccupations of Professor Chinard's researches extending over many years. In addition to having made himself the leading authority on everything relating to Jefferson, he has been deeply interested in tracing international

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influences, particularly those at work in the relations between his native France and his adopted America. The letters and papers which he now prints, in most cases for the first time, are in themselves sufficiently important additions to our knowledge of the mind of Jefferson. In the second place, and on this the editor lays most stress, they illustrate very happily how individual minds influence the historic process as well as do the generalized and now all too popular "social forces." The editor rightly attacks the overemphasis which in the past few decades has been placed on economic factors, and in the correspondence printed offers his evidence for the value of highly individualized intellectual and spiritual factors. Although the book is not likely to prove popular reading it was well worth compiling from both editorial standpoints, and Professor Chinard has done his own work on it with his usual qualities, too infrequently combined, of scholarship and sanity.

The Life of Miranda. By William S. Robertson. The University of North Carolina Press. Two volumes. $10.

Francisco de Miranda is one of the most fascinating of the many romantic minor figures who appeared upon the stage of our earliest national history. Heretofore little attention has been paid to him other than in his relations to the men and events—relations obscure enough—of our own country. Perhaps no other man of his time, however, had so many personal contacts with the great of a score of countries in Europe and the two Americas, or spun such tangled webs of world-wide plots as did this Venezuelan adventurer. Professor Robertson's unflagging zeal for his subject has unearthed a vast mass of manuscript material of the greatest importance in relation to it, and in two massive and scholarly volumes he has given us the story of the man's whole life with a wealth of detail at every point. The result is a work for the reference rather than the private library. The scale is great for a minor figure. It is a good deal as though the tenant of a flat were presented with a full-length, life-size portrait of a great-uncle. A miniature would suit his quarters better. The historian, however, will be grateful. Miranda is no longer a shadowy figure. The amount of new material concerning him is immense, and is presented lucidly and accurately. Anyone handling the period of Hamilton and Jefferson has a new tool of prime importance.

Baudelaire. By Lewis Piaget Shanks. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

Professor Shanks has no brilliant theories to offer in regard to either Baudelaire's life or his poetry. He is content to give a straightforward and well-informed account of the poet's unhappy struggles, together with much interpretative and appreciative criticism. Often an illuminating critic, he is seldom a profoundly judicious one, and one feels that he never quite succeeds in defining Baudelaire's peculiar qualities or in explaining his importance. It is always a temptation to emphasize the romantic and decadent elements in Baudelaire, and though Professor Shanks, both in his translations and in his interpretation, avoids this evil more acutely than some others have done he often blurs the essential clarity of the poet's thought. Thus it is that Shanks's Baudelaire is not quite the Baudelaire that interests us today. His book, however, is valuable as an introduction to the poet and praiseworthy as a careful, sympathetic, and rightly directed attempt to understand a peculiarly difficult personality.

Songs of the Coast Dwellers. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. Coward-McCann. $2.

Constance Lindsay Skinner has for a number of years been a student of American Indian verse and song. And this volume of interpretations of Indian moods (not of translations at all) is based upon familiarity with the literature and culture

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of the British Columbia coast tribes. The poems that result are often very beautiful and simple statements of Indian religious symbolism and ritual. The identification of the poet with the Indian and his world, an identification which in both literature and painting has led to the enrichment of American art, is very nearly perfect. Miss Skinner understands these people and feels them very deeply; she becomes one of them. Therefore her poems, although they are not translations, have usually a definite authenticity of rhythm, mood, and expression. Only occasionally is there the false note of sentimentality—of the Anglo-Saxon mind too much persuaded to be emotional over primitive feelings—and therefore of restraint lost. The problem of presenting another literary art than one's own, through either translation or interpretation, is always a difficult one to solve, and any satisfactory result is achieved only when the artist is completely saturated with the art he wishes to interpret. Miss Skinner is one of the few poets so imbued with the thought of the Indians as to be able to re-present their creative passion, the world as they see it.

Cornered Poets. By Laurence Housman. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

Mr. Housman, himself a poet and a critic, has written a series of possible dialogues between well-known poets and their literary friends or acquaintances. Blake refuses to paint according to a patron's dictation; Donne orders his tomb carved; Burns composes a poem on love while he is being rebuked by the village pastor. The incidents are characteristic of the poets, but the dialogue is not particularly suggestive or interesting. The book throws no new light on the characters of the poets nor does it greatly familiarize us with them as human beings. Such dialogues should be as definitely a work of art as is a good poem; as were, for example, Walter Pater's or Walter Savage Landor's. Mr. Housman's are a bit obvious and dull.

Town Government in Massachusetts, 1620-1930. By John Fairfield Sly. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

There have been many scholarly studies of the origins of New England town government, as well as several theories to account for them. There is little that is new (there can hardly be now) in this volume concerning the earliest New England period, but the various theories of origins are well summarized and appraised. The most valuable portion of the work is that which treats of the town in its modern aspects and forms. The subject remains local but the treatment is not antiquarian, and the book offers an excellent history, in moderate compass, of the New England town considered as a living cell in the body politic from the earliest period to today.

Mengelberg and the Symphonic Epoch. By Edna Richolson Sollitt. Ives Washburn. $2.

If Willem Mengelberg should become a candidate for the presidency of a musical league of nations, this monograph might be used as a campaign document. Any other value is vitiated by the author's fulsome and gushing eulogy. She proclaims that the appreciable growth of interest in symphonic music during the last three decades ("the symphonic epoch") is due entirely to Mr. Mengelberg's activities.

Walt Whitman. A Brief Biography with Reminiscences. By Harrison S. Morris. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

Mr. Morris's account of Whitman's life adds nothing that is new until the end, when the fact that he knew the poet in his dotage at Camden makes it possible for him to indulge in reminiscence. Even then he adds few strokes to the picture already drawn by Horace Traubel. Yet in its modest way the volume takes its place among the first-hand biographies of Whitman.

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Britain's Vanishing Farmer

By J. A. HOBSON

THE inability of farmers to make a decent living out of growing foods and raw materials is a world trouble of our times. But it presses with a special urgency upon Britain. It is no new trouble. For the past fifty years with a growing population England has been producing at home a continuously smaller proportion of the staple foods and raw materials which her climate makes it possible for her to raise. Since 1913 this tendency has been accelerated, notwithstanding the lesson afforded by the war of the perils of dependence upon overseas supplies. No other important country is anything like so dependent for its living upon outside supplies, or has so small a proportion of its population engaged in work upon its soil. During the war years a special effort was made to increase the amount of our food output under the stimulus of high prices and the submarine menace, but our latest statistics show that the normal pre-war economic tendency has resumed its sway. We do not produce much more than a third of the foods we consume. Since 1854 our production of wheat has fallen by something like 45 per cent, barley by approximately 30 per cent, oats by 15 per cent, while horses, cattle, and sheep show a large absolute diminution. Since 1913 every crop has fallen in amount of yield, including potatoes, turnips, and hay. Less land is in cultivation and the agricultural population steadily diminishes. The new generation of townsmen hardly realizes the significance of the change; it doesn't matter to them where their food comes from; they see it abundant and in ever-increasing variety as foreign fruits and meats come to play a larger part in their diet.

But the more thoughtful of our politicians recognize the extent to which we have given hostages to fortune in our dependence upon other countries over which we have no control. Even the convinced free-trader is disturbed in his old indifference as to sources of supply when he realizes how the new bristling array of tariffs makes it harder for him to make payment in manufactured goods for the foods and materials he is willing to import. Though unemployment in our export industries is the chief ingredient in our new protectionism it is supplemented by alarm at the decay of agriculture. While the main cause of the trouble is low prices, the result of actual or potential world overproduction, there are special features in our situation that make adjustment to the world situation difficult. The tripartite division and conflict of interests between owners, tenants, and laborers still persists. Though it cannot be held that agricultural lands, save in rare instances, yield any income rightly termed rents (as distinct from interest upon recent improvements of a capital character) the hand of the owner upon the tenant farmer is still oppressive as regards restrictions upon cultivation and sporting rights, and the yearly or short-lease tenure on which most land is held is a deterrent to enterprise and improvements on the tenant's part. The hired laborer is mostly ill paid for his skill and industry as compared with town workers, though the rises secured by the county agricultural boards have somewhat improved his position. Higher pay, greater freedom, and more amusements still drive the younger men and women into city life, even with the greater risks of industrial unemployment.

No political party can produce a confident and a convincing remedy for what has come to be regarded as an inevitable, perhaps a desirable, process. Can we produce increased quantities of foods at a price determined by the world market under conditions of pay and social satisfactions agreeable to our farmers and agricultural workers? In theory, yes. Though we could not become a completely self-sufficing nation for wheat, meat, and other food supplies we might use our land far better than we do. Denmark is a largely exporting country and our land is better than hers. Improved tenure, smaller holdings, with cooperation in buying and selling and use of electricity, could go far to increase our products. Credit facilities could do much to furnish the capital needed for machinery and for the improvements which the "impoverished" landlords cannot now afford, and which farm tenants, who bought their farms during the post-war boom at exaggerated prices, are unable to provide. Credit, organized marketing, and security of tenure are the three chief requisites to meet immediate needs, according to the new Liberal program. Labor politicians—pending land nationalization, a formal part of their program—pin their faith largely upon control of prices and the elimination of middleman's profit, and an attractive proposal is urged by Mr. Wise for state purchase of overseas supplies with the view of stabilizing prices and enabling our producers to escape the disastrous fluctuations in prices that disable them from planning crops ahead. Farmers are not good business men, and yet the application of their efforts and enterprise is subjected to fluctuations of price more incalculable than those of any other business. If the state undertook to buy in bulk foreign supplies it would be in a stronger position to bargain with great exporting organizations and to hold their supplies so as to maintain a level of prices in this country sufficient to encourage home production. Part or most of the risks of unexpected falls of price would be passed from the feeble farmer on to the broad back of the government.

But the proposals which for a time excited most attention were the product of the journalistic enterprise of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, two great newspaper magnates who used their huge engines of publication to boost an economic United Empire scheme involving free, or at least freer, trade within the Empire, with a tariff on foreign imports, inclusive of foods. It was accompanied by all kinds of specious propaganda to show that the Empire, with adequate application of capital and immigration, could speedily be converted into a virtually self-sufficing economic area, with an inter-exchange of surplus goods that would release this country from dependence upon the unreliable foreigner, while it would bind the Empire into a close political as well as economic union. This proposal has rent the Conservative Party. All sections would like to accept the gospel, if

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only they could believe it. But Mr. Baldwin and other party leaders, who remember the food-tax election of Mr. Chamberlain twenty-five years ago, dare not touch it. They would be prepared to extend preference to manufactures and to apply to them an enlarged safeguarding scheme, but they dare not face the electorate with a proposal to tax bread and meat, or commit themselves to persuading the city electorates that their food will not cost them more.

It may well be that the decline of our agriculture has touched bottom, and that with a cessation of our growth of population and some provisions of secure tenure and prices for our farmers we may even recover some of our lost land, but to suppose that any large return to the land or any great diminution of our dependence upon overseas supplies can take place is a quite quixotic notion. Nothing short of a near-impending famine, through inability to find any export means of paying for overseas foods, would turn the cityward tide of the past few generations, or put sufficient enterprise into our food producers to enable the country to keep alive on its own resources. If there be, as some of our idealists affirm, some human feeling of attachment to the soil, some Adamite instinct, which will come to find the machine life of the city repellent, or if the old rural communities can be provided with sufficient of the valued interests of town life, it is possible to conceive that men and women may come to regard the calmer and less driving life of the country as preferable to the megalopolis. But I can find no immediate indications of a widespread desire for this return to nature. Nor do I believe that any of the proposed reforms of tenure, credit, improved cultivation, or better marketing will go far toward removing the preference for town life with industrial and trading occupations as the means of livelihood.

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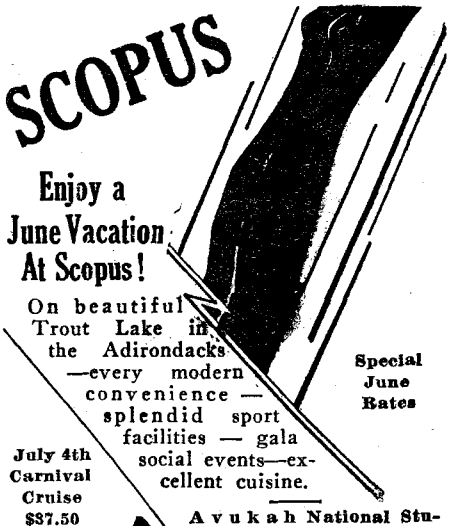

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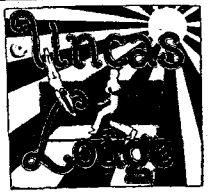

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